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DRUMMER

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ISSUE 45

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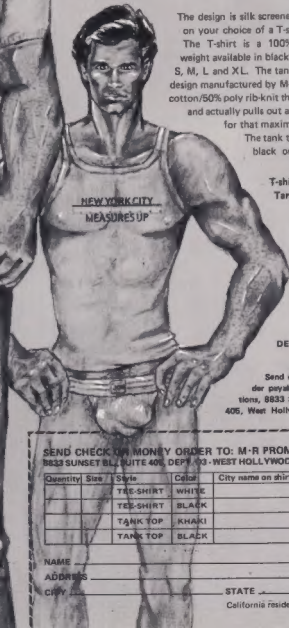
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THE ATTITUDES, RITUALS AND MYSTIQUE OF S&M

DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE VOLUME 5 45

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DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

Cover Photo: Jim Moss

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GETTING OFF

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

One of the most loyal groups around consists of the men who read DRUMMER. In the almost six years of the magazine's existence, we have come to know this fierce loyalty and accept it as a fact of life. In the ups and downs of publishing, the problems of distribution and circulation, of would-be competitors and the detractors that one attracts there has always been one constantly growing group that stood firm — the readers. They have been through rate increases and price increases, growing pains and moving problems. They have stood firm and loyally picked up their copy of DRUMMER at 2.50, 2.95 or 3.50.

One of the experiments necessitated by the price of everything, mainly paper and printing, was in our annual, for 1980 called DRUMMER MARCHES ON. We tried a glorified-newsprint body with slick body and centerfold. There were few complaints and those about the larger size rather than the cheaper paper. Bolstered by this experience of a sellout we courageously tried a similar format with DRUMMER issue 44. We added sixteen extra pages, provided a wealth of fiction and attempted a pulp-fiction format. A surge in sales, but this time with a few more complaints.

We are concerned with our readers' wants. DRUMMER has always given a little more than necessary, more articles, more fiction, more pages, more art (more expensive than photography) and more original photography than other magazines aimed at gays (not gay magazines, there is a difference).

But there are costs. Each issue of DRUMMER has been costing about a dollar each to produce. We wholesale them for not a lot more than that. You know what has happened at the post office and the \$10 charge for first-class postage loses us money. We do not want to cut down in either quantity or quality. We do not want to produce a magazine that you can read at the newsstand and not need to buy to take home. DRUMMER needs to have MEAT. It always has had it.

So we are experimenting with a lower-cost paper and rotary printing. There is more of everything, we have want-ads coming out of our ears, fiction up the ass and all the excitement and flair you expect of DRUMMER. The only change is the paper inside.

These are the honest reasons. This is the best solution we can come up with to date. We would like to hear from you. You are the reason for all this effort. The love affair (both ways) between DRUMMER and its readers continues. We want to keep you happy.

BLUE BALLS

Hey, Fellat! It's not nice to shock nice guys with such stories like Aaron Travis' *Blue Light!* I made the mistake of reading it right after duty and messed up a fresh uniform. I couldn't get the damn story out of my mind. Guys called up and asked me where I spent last weekend. My dick was sore from the exercise.

After I recovered, I took an informal survey of responses from friends I entertained. One physical type who's a cuddly suck, & fucker mumbled "Oh man! Sickol!" over and over and couldn't get it up. Another of the same type made it to the toilet in time. A favorite mind-tripper M came in his pants, then we had a truly inspired scene by candlelight. Another, hesitant M, snuck out the door while I was getting drinks after he had read it. The last M to read it is still sucking on me as I type.

Me? I'm going to bind that issue in leather and get some more copies.

Bruce
Alexandria, VA

LIBERAL LEATHER LEFT

I first "picked-up" on DRUMMER several years ago, when I needed direction sexually, politically and philosophically. One of the things that impressed me about DRUMMER at that time was the undercurrent, the promise of something new.

Many times I have wanted to sit and write to DRUMMER to express my admiration or to comment on your excellent art, fiction etc. but, my friend Drum said it all a couple of issues back, (DRUMMER) "the next best thing to a good fuck."

John Rowberry however, has done it, has enflamed me to sit and write. His editorial Getting Off: 1984 — the count down begins was absolutely outrageous. Taking a stand on politics and the recent events in Washington that have been a concern to me personally for some time.

We are the New Left,
the True Liberals,
the Seekers of Freedom,
the Seekers of Truth.
I agree with Rowberry that we must stand together.

We are the children of Life, and we recognize that freedom in the reason for Life. We must unite to preserve this freedom, for us, as well as for all the other oppressed and alienated groups.

As the fish was the symbol of Christianity in the early days, I suggest that LEATHER be the symbol of the New Left! Keep up the good work! See ya,
A.C.

HOT SHIT!

When I saw the cover of the new (Issue 44) Drummer I said, "Hot shit," and pulled my cock out of my jock strap ready for a hot j.o. session — the guy on the cover is that hot.

He sure has it all — but that's the only picture of him in the mag!

Come on — everybody hates a tease, even if it's only in a magazine.

I'm hot for pictures of good looking studs in leather and hope to find some in each issue of Drummer but don't always find them. I especially dig muscle men in body harness, chaps, and jock strap. So shape up — that's an order.

B.S.

New York, NY

WHO IS MR. 68?

The photos of the Mr. Western Drummer Contest in your issue No. 43 were ball-busting and cock-blasting for one reason. The photo of a muscle-Master on p. 68 has kept me firing cock spunk for fifteen times. My Master makes me keep an eye on this Master while he fists my asshole or jams a giant dildo up me. I need to know more of this Lord who sizzles right off the pages of "Drummer." He's the MAN with leather vest and chaps who gives us a fine shot of Master-ass on p. 68. Who is he? What does he do with the lucky m's under his power? Please, can we see more pictures of him in action? His smooth muscle slicked with sweat, his thick arm up an opened ass, and his bulging crotch would make any m spill his juice. And, Sirs, if you could only give us a photo of his cock and balls, I know that all m's would groan with exploding ball juice. Please, Sirs!

a panting slave
Minneapolis, MN

BON VOYAGE

We've been reading Drummer since the first issue, Great.

While listening to KDIA 1310 on the radio yesterday I heard a five or ten minute program called "Focus." This station does mostly black related news and stories. What I learned was about an organization being put together to recreate the journey of a slave ship to set sail from Africa sometime in 1984 and to land in either New Orleans or Brazil. All the volunteers would be kept in chains below deck only to come up on deck for only a half hour of exercise each day. They will try to recreate the entire trip as realistic as possible. Should anybody become seriously ill they would be treated by a doctor

unlike the 'good ole days' where they would have been thrown overboard. Upon docking they plan to have a slave auction.

Sounded like fun to me.
Keep up the good work.

D. Miller

GREAT ISSUE, CRUMMY PAPER

Just a comment on DRUMMER 44: It was refreshing to have an issue devoted to quality fiction, for a change. The new size and layout are OK (mandated, no doubt, by rising paper, printing, and postage costs) but are a step down in quality. The ink comes off on your fingers, photo reproduction is not as good, and I wonder if it will hold up for years as my previous issues have. Have you considered the alternative of simply raising the price? Most of the people I know in the S/M scene are professionals who make good salaries and don't mind "investing" in their hobby (anyone who's purchased a new set of leathers or some restraints from Fetters knows things don't come cheap). We're willing to pay for our equipment and our libraries. Frequently, inflated prices are simply unwarranted ripoffs, but in your case, you have a quality product you may be underpricing. Please think about it. One final comment on No. 44 -- the Flash Gordon piece was perfect. Next time somebody wants to remake it, Cavello gets my vote!

One more thing, and then I'll leave you in peace to go solve my problems. While I'm very much into S/M and have been for several years, I'm not a leatherman. My trip (as you'll see if you dig out my ad) is pain. I'm comfortably masculine without feeling any need for "macho" symbols to confirm my sexuality. I have friends who are very much into a leather lifestyle, and I respect their right to do their own thing. All of the above is not meant as any sort of criticism of the leather fraternity, but as background to the fact that I find it highly amusing, and somewhat absurd, for you and your publications to talk about non S/M guys as "clones." I open DRUMMER and see page after page of groups of guys, all of whom about six feet tall, nicely built, short dark hair, moustaches or beards, all wearing motorcycle caps, jackets and boots of black leather, and levis -- you can't tell one from the other without a program -- and you call non-leather people clones? Come on now! I don't go for fems, but there are more possibilities for masculine variations in heaven and hell, Embry, than are dreamed of in your philosophy. In

Continued on page 37

Whats Coming Between You And Me?

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BUCKS
MENSWEAR

Photo by Sandy Graham



THE SEWERS OF HELLFIRE BEYOND GAY NEW YORK



Photo by Sandy Graham

Good news travels fast. I was sitting in Drummie in San Francisco having a beer when I heard about the opening of a new kink place in New York called The Hell Fire Club. Not that I might consider traveling 3000 miles for a hot fuck, mind you; but I was going to the big apple the next week anyway - and perhaps Hell Fire could turn a routine sleet vacation into something worth writing home about. The only other news about Hell Fire was that it was co-sexual. Men and women. Straight and gay. And that it was hot, hot, hot.

The dude who had broke the news to me about Hell Fire in the first place just nodded at my surprised look when he said "co-sexual." "It's the next step, man. It's beyond gay." Then he launched into a series of descriptions of various scenes he'd gotten into there that were, if anything, slightly beyond belief. My curiosity was raised. I knew I had to see this for myself.

The Hell Fire Club is located below street level in the old Triangle Building at Ninth and 14th Streets in the Far West Village. The equally old Triangle Bar on the first floor has been replaced by Jr's, and the top floor has been taken over by a new private club, Walley's Attic.

Hell Fire is open three nights a week: Wednesday, Friday and Saturday from 10pm until. The Club has a large playroom filled with stocks, manacles, special invention machines, and a bar. In the middle of the room a small stage dominates and showcases specific acts for the edification of anyone and everyone. Some tables and chairs line one wall. Another section of the Club is a room of cubicles and small private areas. Yet another room holds toilets and bathrubs.

THE SEWERS OF NEW YORK

I had been told the crowd would be mixed and friendly. It was both, an almost 50-50 split between gay men in leather and uniforms mingling with non-gay men and women in a variety of clothes and gear. There was an edge of sexual tension between the gay and non-gay men that added tremendously to the already highly-charged sexual atmosphere. But always there was a foundation of friendliness and honesty.

A straight couple: He's a big man, well over six feet tall, his hands cuffed behind his back, his mouth gagged with a horse bit. He's dressed, from head to toe, in a fancy maid's serving uniform — straight out of a French sex farce, his feet cramed into tight spike heels. Around his neck a chain holds a maid's serving tray in place at waist level. His female companion keeps her drink and cigarettes on the tray as she leads him around the room. She's wearing high dominatrix fashion, right down to leather boots and black hose, an open-bra leather harness, and a bull whip.

At a table an elegantly dressed male-female couple sit with a group of gay men in leather. He's wearing a designer suit, she a leopard-patterned cocktail dress. They have an air of snobbery that seems at odds with the surroundings, like Upper East Side elite slumming with the riff-raff; until later when she can be found kneeling on the concrete floors, her stockings wet with sex



Photo by Sandy Graham



Photo by Sandy Graham





Photo by Roy Armstrong

THE SEWERS OF NEW YORK





juices, sucking off a flasher, his raincoat held open by a large paunch, naked except for his argyle socks and wing-tip shoes.

In the large toilet room two men, with sweaty muscled bodies, take turns pissing into each others' mouths. One pushes the other down on the floor, pissing on his face and chest while a beautiful young woman with new wave orange hair spreads her legs to join them. The guy on the bottom resists her attempts to piss on his face, but his friend forces him back down and he succumbs with a moan. Afterward he verbally thanks her for fulfilling this secret fantasy of his — something he admits he has never been able to carry out before.

In another room two men dressed in leather are jerking off while a small crowd of both sexes watch. A woman crawls on the floor towards them and begins licking their balls, first one man then the other.

Two women dressed in leather are whipping a man's ass. He is lying on his stomach, his face buried in the crotch of a third woman. A riding crop is shoved in his ass, and the crowd taunts him not to drop it. But a couple well-aimed blows from the whip and it falls out. Someone declares, "He's really going to get it now." The women increase the intensity of their lashes across his naked ass, chanting promises of worse punishments to come. He comes in a pitched yell that is muffled by the mouthfull of crotch under his eagerly working lips and tongue.

Two leathermen manacle a guy's wrists to an overhead beam. They begin to whip his ass and back. Women dressed in leather stand by and take turns administering whips and riding crops. One of the women grabs his bare ass cheeks and digs in with her long fingernails. The lashing builds until a heavy blow sends him screaming, his body twisting and jerking under the beam. The two men grab him and begin offering soothing words and caresses, subduing him with croons of affection. Then the lashing begins again, and again builds to a stunning level that again sends him reeling.

A young non-gay man with a highly-defined and muscular body, his head and upper body shaved of all hair, slowly rubs the stubble on his head against the bare back and ass of a young woman. She leans forward over a wooden street barcade. On the other side of the barcade three gay men in leather suck and bite her nipples, as a crowd forms to watch the scene.

Some young straight men, mostly in sneakers and slacks, probably from New Jersey, stand and gawk — their eyes wide and their mouths salivating. I turn to my friend, who has brought me to this place, and point them out, "They look like they're seeing Jesus!"

My friend replies, "El Diablo, they're seeing Hell Fire."

Someone standing next to us adds, "They'll be back next week wearing leather chaps."

— Roy Armstrong

THE SEWERS OF NEW YORK





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BIG AL'S TOWING & SERVICE

BY DEREK



Sometimes it can be hard to meet new people when you're new in town. Know what I mean? So for the first few weeks after I moved to a city which was nearly halfway across the country from where I used to live, I was a little lonely. And horny, too! But making new friends is usually no problem for me. I don't like blowing my own horn, you understand. But I consider myself one of the best topmen in the business. And when you're hot, you're hot. No apologies necessary. So it didn't take me too long to make a few interesting contacts in the local leather/denim bar.

But I gotta tell you something that happened to me when I had only been in my new home for a couple of weeks. I made a date with this hot M from the bar — a big blond number with a marine tattoo on his ass — and I'm driving the twenty-or-so miles into town to meet him when my goddam car breaks down. It's late — already past eleven — and there aren't any other cars on the highway. Not many, anyway. And there I am in my full leather gear, jacket, cap, chaps and jeans, black boots with chins. It's no wonder that no one stops to offer me help. I'm just standing there getting mighty pissed at myself when I remember this gas station about a half-mile back down the road. So I take a hike.

When I get there, the place is closed. Just my luck. But I spot a telephone booth on one side, fish a dime out of my pocket, and get in. I'm not sure what I'm gonna say. I don't know anybody except the blond at the bar, and I don't

have that number. But it ain't in the book, either! I consider calling the highway patrol, but then I can just imagine what they will think when they see me in my gear. I'm looking around for the phone book (there isn't one), when I spot this message written on the wall. It's scratched into the metal, actually, with a pen knife or something, and it says:

CALL BIG AL'S TOWING AND SERVICE HE DOES A GOOD JOB!

Why not? I think to myself. There's this number. It's worth a try. I sure as hell don't feel like walking all the way into town. So I dial the number and let it ring a long time. Just as I'm about to hang up and call the operator, someone picks up the line. A deep, burly voice barks in my ear.

"Yeah, whaddya want?"

I'm a little surprised. "Uh . . . I'm broke down," I say. "I mean, my car's broke down. Could you give me a tow job?"

Where are ya?"

"Out on route 56. About a half-mile past the gas station heading toward town. Look, I know it's late, but I really . . ."

"Git back to yer car," the voice on the other end of the line grumbles. "I'll meet ya there. What kind is it?"

I get on a dirt road and hang up. Just like that, I walk back to my car, fantasizing all the way about that voice on the phone. It sure had a nice sound to it. I try to picture what this guy might look like. With a name

like "Big Al," it could be interesting. And somebody had thought enough about him to give him some free advertising.

I'm not back at my car very long before I see these headlights coming down the road. They pull off the side behind me and I see that it's the tower. I can't make things out too good with the lights in my eyes, but I see this big hulk of a dude climb down out of the cab and walk towards me. When he gets up close, I nearly keel over. He's big, all right. Well over six feet, with a build like a Mac Truck. He's got short black hair and beard, a mean but handsome face, and the biggest pair of arms I've ever laid eyes on. I mean this guy's biceps were enough to make me cream in my pants. He's wearing only a pair of greasy overalls and work boots, so I can see that barrel chest of his on either side of the denim bib, where dark brown nipples poke out at me through a forest of curly black hair.

He walks up to me real quick and gives me and my car the once over. I don't feel like explaining the way I'm dressed, so I don't say nothing.

"You the guy that called me?" he asks.

"Yeah. Something's wrong with my car."

Al just grunts. "Well, let's git 'er down to my shop. It ain't far. I'll have a look there."

Without another word, he goes to work. I watch with great interest as he straps the back of my car up on the tower. When everything's all set, he motions for me to get in the cab. I do, and we drive off back the way he'd come. He doesn't say nothing for awhile. Then he looks over at me and frowns.

"What in the hell are ya dressed like that for?"

"Well," I lie, "I'm going to this party, see..."

"Must be a damn weird party!"

"Yeah. I hope so, anyway." I grin.

He doesn't say any more, and I can't really tell what he's thinking. After a few minutes, we turn off the main drag and head down a dirt road. A mile or so further, he pulls into a small garage — sort of an old filling station what's been turned into a car shop. There aren't any other buildings around or people either. Al pulls the tower and my car up to the front where there's a spot-light shining in the dark. We get out.

"Go on inside," he says to me. "Make yerself comfortable. I'll have a look at your car. There's some beer in the 'fridge if you're thirsty."

I thank him and head on in. I'm beginning to think that this little stop-over might not turn out to be so bad after all. Understand? That blond at the bar might just have to wait.

Inside the garage, off to one side of the grease pit, is this small room with a cot, TV, and mini-fridge. It looks to me like this guy lives here, which would explain why he's here so late. I open the fridge and see nothing but beer. So I help myself.

I can hear him banging around outside, and I'm not interested in the TV, so I snoop a little. Under the cot I find some magazines: sports, motorcycles, auto-mechanics — that sort of stuff. Near the bottom of the pile are some muscle magazines, the kind with all those hunks in bikinis strutting their stuff. A regular parade of beefcake! Well, now. I think to myself, *this is getting interesting*. I leaf through a few of them, and I swear that some of the pages were stuck together. Get the picture? Then, on the very bottom of the pile — eureka! A fuck book. I open it quickly and see two big dudes, all naked with the biggest fucking hard-ons you can imagine. They're just staring at each other flexing, and holding each other's balls in their fists. On the next page, one has his hard dick down the other guy's



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throat.

I sit down on the cot and look through the rest of the mag, real slow. The action is getting hotter and hotter, and I'm getting hornier by the minute. I get to the back page where there's this real close up shot of one of the guys shooting his big, juicy wad in his buddy's face when I realize that I'm no longer alone. Big Al has come in, and he's leaning against the door frame, wiping his huge fists with a greasy rag.

He doesn't say anything about me looking at the magazine. He sticks the rag in his hip pocket and stalks over to the fridge. While he's getting himself a beer, I quietly put the magazine back under the cot.

"Your fan belt was busted," he says.

I stand up. "Thanks, Sorry I called you so late, but

"What's yer hurry. Here, have another beer."

The big man hands me another. He downs his in almost one gulp, then takes a second. I just stand there drinking my beer while he sits down on the cot.

"Now," he says, "about paying me."

I hadn't even thought of that. My mind had been occupied with other things.

"Well, I don't have much cash on me," I say. "I wasn't really planning on this. But I've got plenty of charge cards."

"Don't take no charge cards," Al growls.

He just stares at me, and I begin to get a little edgy. Just what kind of game is this guy playing, anyway? We look at each other for a few minutes. I can feel his black eyes running up and down my body. But he doesn't say nothing.

"So what do you think I ought to do?" I ask.

Big Al grins. It wasn't a friendly grin. "I think ya better take those goddam clothes off real quick like."

"Hey, wait a minute, fella," I protest. "This isn't the

way I play the game."

Al puts his beer bottle on the floor and stands up facing me. He's between me and the door.

"I said get yer ass outta them clothes. Now!"

Before I can say another thing, one of his huge fists lands square in my belly. He didn't hit me too hard, but hard enough to make me understand that I'd be a fool to try to fight my way out of there.

Well, I always say that a good topman can learn a new thing or two once in a while. Seeing that there was not much choice, I slowly began undoing my belt and chaps. Al stands there with his fists clenched by his sides. I take off my leather and pile it neatly on the floor. Then I undo my jeans and slide them off, too. Al's eyes never leave my body for a second. When I'm stark-assed naked, he sits back down on the cot. I've got a good body, not like his, but damn good. I can tell he likes what he sees.

"That's more like it, pal," he says. "I'm sure we can work something out. Git in that closet and bring me the sack." He points to the other side of the room.

I go fetch the bag from the closet. It's a black sack, and it's heavy. I can hear metal clinking around as I carry it back to him. I hand it to the burly mechanic and resume my place in the middle of the floor.

"That's right," he says. "You just stay put. We got some toys here I think you're gonna like."

He fumbles around in the bag, pulling some things out and putting them beside him on the cot. I see a metal ring clamp, the kind mechanics use to fasten rubber hoses on engines. Then there's some leather straps with spring clips that look like wrist and ankle restraints. Finally, he pulls out a short piece of chain with two more spring clips on each end. He grabs all the leather straps and stands up.

I stand perfectly still while he fastens two of the leather



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straps tight around my ankles and connects them together with a double clip. I can't spread my feet any wider than about a foot. He puts two more around my wrists and, pulling my arms around behind me, he fastens them together, too. With my arms bound behind me, I can't resist as he picks up the ring clamp and twists it with his finger.

"Guess where this goes," he leers.

I can guess. Al reaches out and grabs my cock and balls in his rough hands. I feel my stomach twitch a little as the hard skin of his palm rubs and squeezes my dick. He slips that clamp around the base of my cock and pulls my balls through, too. Then he tightens the wing nut until the metal ring begins to bite into the soft flesh under my ball sac. My cock is standing up like a flagpole, all red and hard. Al bats it back and forth a few times with his hand and I start to shake with excitement.

After he's satisfied that my cock is hard enough, he snatches up the short chain with the spring clips and starts pinching my tits.

"Yeah, man," he says, staring into my eyes. "Let's put these babies to work."

He pinches them harder, and I wince a little from the pain. He has my left nipple between his thumb and index finger, painfully tweaking and twisting it until beads of sweat roll down my forehead. Suddenly he snaps one end of the chain onto the tenderized flesh.

I moan out loud for the first time. I've had tit clamps on before, but never ones so heavy. Hard steel bites into me, pulling my tit toward the floor and sending my head reeling.

"You can take it, asshole!" Al barks. He does the same to my right nipple, and when he's got them both weighted down with the clips, he takes ahold of the chain between them and pulls up. He's pulling real hard, too, making me rise up on my toes. My legs are shaking and I grit my teeth in pain. I try to free my hands so that I can pull the

fuckers off, but I know it's hopeless. Al grins at my desperate attempts. He jerks on that chain and gets a big kick out of seeing me jump in response to his tit torture.

"Now, asshole," he orders. "Down on yer knees!"

I don't do it. There are some things he's going to have to get used to. And one is that I don't kneel down for nobody.

"I said down on yer knees!"

Al drops the tit chain and punches me in the stomach again, harder this time. I catch my breath and stare him right in the eye. But I don't budge.

I can tell he's real mad, now. Al goes over to my clothes and picks up my belt. I'm studded one the back leather job with the silver pyramid studs that I'm so proud of. That strap has seen a lot of asses in its time, and I quickly guess that it's about to see one more.

"Alright, asshole," the big mechanic growls. "Down on yer knees. Now!"

He swings that strap and catches me clean across the butt. It stings like hell. I try to move away from it, but with my feet fettered like that I nearly lose my balance. He hits me again. I suck in the air between my teeth but stand firm.

"Do it, man, or you won't sit down for a week," Al hollers, and hits me again.

I have to admit, that big dude is mighty persuasive. He keeps on whipping my striped ass with the belt in thing harder each time. The room echoes with the sound of leather slapping ass. I feel the tears begin to form in my eyes, and my backside is on fire. I finally decide I'd rather do what he says than to let him see my crying.

"All right, all right!" I yell out loud. "I'll do it. Now cut it out."

He lays that strap into me again.

"You'll do what, asshole?"

"I'll kneel down."

"At my feet?"

I swallow hard. "Yes, at your feet."

"Who you talkin' to, boy?" Al whips my ass again.

I know that sooner or later I got to say it. "To you . . . Sir. I'll kneel down at your feet . . . Sir."

The belt hit the floor. I slowly lowered myself to the cement. It's cold and rough on my knees, but at least my butt is beginning to cool off. I can't believe that my dick is still poking up in the air like that, but then that damn clamp's real tight. I suddenly feel a bad need to urinate. Al walks around in front of me, retrieves his beer, and downs it all at once. Then he looks down at me at his feet.

"That's better, asshole. You just be a good boy, and maybe I'll let you go . . . later. But first, we're gonna have a little fun, Okay?"

I don't say a thing.

"I said, Okay?" Al grabs my hair and pulls my head back until I'm staring up into his hard, bearded face.

"Yes, sir!"

"Good."

Al puts his empty bottle on the floor in front of me and slowly begins to strip. He unsnaps the straps of his overalls and lets them fall. The top drops to his waist, and I finally get to see that magnificent chest in all its glory. He's a weight-lifter himself, I can tell. He's as good as any of those dudes in the muscle magazines. His big rock hard pecs, rippled stomach and tight waist took a lot of work. Then he undoes his zipper, opens his pants, and lets them fall to his ankles. Yep, he's got a gorgeous body. Heavy muscular legs support his big frame, and all over from head to foot he's covered with tight black fur. A big, fat uncircumcised cock hangs down below. I have to admit that he is one damn fine-looking dude.

Al steps out of the overalls and kicks them aside, leaving on only his work boots and dirty wool socks. He starts playing with that monster prick of his, pulling the foreskin back and forth over the oozing cockhead. I watch hungrily as he pushes his hips forward slightly, swinging his sweaty

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piece of meat near my face. When he sees that I like what he's got, he moves forward a step and rubs the tip of it over my face and across my lips.

"You want it, boy?" he asks. "You want t'eat this big prick of mine?"

"Yes, sir."

"How bad d'ya want it, boy?"

"I want it real bad, sir. Please let me eat your cock."

I can't believe myself. I'm actually starting to like this game. A whole lot. I haven't been on to the end of the stick, so to speak, for a long time. But if you'd have seen him standing there in all his brute nakedness, you'd understand. Yes sir!

"Okay, asshole," Al laughs, "you'll get to eat it. But first you gotta earn it."

He puts one foot on my chest, and with his heavy work boot he pushes me down to the floor on my back. He's standing over me, and from that point of view he looks even more massive. A real bull-stud! Suddenly a booted foot lands square on my face, bending my nose to one side.

"Lick it, boy," Al demands.

I stick my tongue out and run it over the dirty ribbed sole of his boot. It tastes like dirt and grease, but I do my best. He has me lick 'em both, and when he's satisfied that I've done a good job he backs off and stands beside me. My face is covered with greasy dirt, and there's this big footprint in the middle of my chest.

The empty beer bottle is still there on the floor beside me. Al steps back a little, then gives that fucker of his a little jiggle, and the foreskin parts with a gushing stream of yellow piss. He aims for the bottle. He's a pretty good shot, too, but even so piss splashes all over the place and makes a stinking puddle in the center of the floor. He moves a long time, and by the time he licks the bottle to the top, a lot of it has splashed on my chest and face. When the stream of piss slackens off, he shakes his prick to get out the last few drops, then sits back down on the edge of the cot. Spreading his legs wide so his dick hangs down over the edge of the mattress, he points to the bottle of piss.

"Get up, asshole," he says. "Up on yer knees and bring me that bottle of piss."

I struggle to my knees, trying not to fall over in the puddle on the floor, but I'm not sure how I'm going to do what he wants with my hands strapped behind me.

"I said bring it here, boy!" Al growls.

"But, sir, my hands are tied."

He grins. "Yeah, I forgot. So bring it here with yer mouth."

Okay. I get the picture. I bend over, being careful to keep my balance, and stretch my face down to the floor. I wrap my lips around the wet neck of the bottle. I can smell the sweet stench of piss on the floor, and a little of the stuff in the bottle spills over my tongue. It smelled and tasted great — real warm and funky, and faintly tainted with beer. Picking it up with my teeth, I shuffle across the rough floor on my knees and place myself between his legs.

"That's a good boy," he says, patting me on the head.

"Now give it here."

I tilt my head back in order to offer him the bottle. A big mouthful of piss dumps in my mouth. I swallow it as he snatches the bottle away from me.

"Did I tell ya you could drink it?" he snaps. His open palm smacks against my cheek. My face stings.

"No, sir."

"That's right, asshole. You know what this is?"

"It's your piss, sir."

"Yeah, you asshole. It's my piss. My piss. And what makes you think you're good enough to drink my piss?"

I don't say anything. I just watch as he lifts that bottle to his own mouth and takes a big gulp. He swallows it and smacks his lips.

"Damn," he snorts. "That's good stuff, boy. You want some?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me what you want, asshole."

"I want to drink your piss, sir."

Al takes another big gulp from the bottle. "Bottled piss is too good for you, boy," he grins. He keeps drinking the piss with obvious delight. His prick stands out at me from between his legs and he fondles it and his big balls too while he finishes off the whole thing. Draining it to the bottom, he sets the bottle on the floor and burps real loud.

"Yeah," he says. "Good stuff, boy. Now it's your turn."

You git slave's piss. Slaves drink piss from cocks, not bottles. Right, asshole?"

"Yes, sir," I reply, staring at his prick.

He jiggles his semi-hard meat at me. I inch forward until I can take the top half of it in my mouth. It's fat and wet, and the whole of it nearly stretches my lips to the limit. Watching him down that bottle of his own piss has made me hornier than hell. I wanted more of what I had tasted. He held my head firmly between his huge hands and lets me lean forward until most of his cock is in my mouth. I can feel a few drops ooze from the slit in my mouth, then without warning the fleshy tube erupts with a gush.

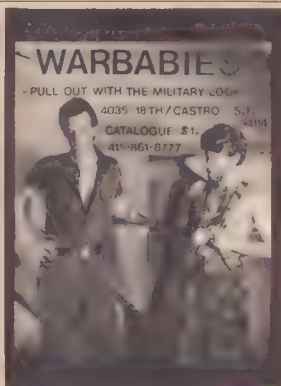
I gag at first as the torrent of warm piss flows from that cock and splashes against the back of my throat. It comes too fast, backing up my nose and dribbling out the sides of my mouth and down my chin. I instinctively try to pull back, but Al holds my head firmly in place.

"You said you wanted it, asshole," he barks. "So drink it."

I'm swallowing as fast as I can. I can feel my belly fill up with his piss as he continues to pour it down my throat. My chest and crotch were soaking wet. Just when I think I can't take anymore, he pulls that hose out of my mouth and squirts the last of it in my face.

"There, that's what you wanted, wasn't it boy?"

"Yes, sir," I say, still tasting the delicious piss in my mouth.





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"Now," he says, "I think we can put that mouth of yours to doin' somethin' else. Come here."

Al leans back on the cot and raises his legs so that his work boots are perched on the metal frame. He rests on one elbow and spreads his beefy thighs. That big prick, still dripping piss, sticks out towards me. And below, beneath the sweaty, piss-soaked balls, s his asshole.

"Come here, asshole," he orders. "Put that ugly face of yours up my ass and lick it out."

Al reaches down and lifts his prick in his fist. He starts to jerk it off real slow, making his nuts bob up and down with each stroke. I lean forward and stick my nose in the dark, musky crack between his hard-muscled ass cheeks. It smells real funky, like he hasn't showered for a week. I can hear him moan, low animal sounds, as I stick out my tongue and run the tip of it around the puckered flesh of his hole. His balls are bouncing against my forehead and a mixture of sweat and piss drips down into my eyes.

"That's it," he says. "Stick that ass-licker of yers up my hole and rim it good!"

I obey eagerly. I feel the warm, moist flesh of his asshole part before my probing tongue. Al spreads his legs wider and continues to pull his meat. With his free hand he reaches down and shoves my head further up his ass.

"Lick it, boy," he says, panting heavily. "Eat my asshole. Eat it, boy!"

Al pounds away at his dick now like there's no stopping. I feel his body tighten as my tongue wiggles deeper and deeper into his gut. I can taste the sweat and piss in his crotch, and there's also the dark, musky aroma of shit. His hole closes tight around my mouth. I twist my tongue up in there, wanting to show him that there are some things I know how to do right. He's grunting and groaning with pleasure.

"Hey, boy," he says, pulling my head from his ass by my hair. "Wanna see me come?"

I look up at his dripping cock. "Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir, what?"

"Yes, sir, I want to see you come."

A points his massive stick at my face. "Do you want to eat it?" he leers.

"Yes, sir. Please let me eat your come, sir."

Al reaches under my chin and lifts my face higher. "Then watch this, asshole. Here comes yer dinner."

The tip of his cock is just inches from my face. It looms over me, the big purple veins stark against the red of the hard shaft. The slippery cock wiggles, and I see his strokes it faster and faster. Suddenly he squeezes my cheeks.

"Open wide, boy," he says.

I do. He's got my face in a vice grip between his strong fingers. I stare in fascination as that big prick points right at my mouth. It's dripping pre-cum juice in long, slimy strings which dribble down to the floor. I stick out my tongue to catch some of the sweet fluid. Al gives out a loud animal grunt and shoots a thick wad of jism right down my throat.

The thick tube on the underside of his cock quivers as jet after jet of hot cream erupts from the tip and covers my teeth and tongue. Most of it goes in my mouth, but a couple of squirts hit me in the face and dribble down my chin. He keeps on cuming for what seems like forever. His cock is jumping and sliding in his fist, covered with his own cum, and that just seems to make him shoot some more.

When he's finally emptied his balls down my throat, I sit back on my heels and revel in the delicious taste of his sperm. The last few gobs slide down my throat to mix with the piss and cum in my belly. My own cock throbs for release, and I feel that if he just so much as touched it I would shoot my wad all over the room.

"Lick it up, asshole," Al demands, pointing to where some of his jism had splashed onto his work boots. I clean the leather tops real good with my tongue, digging around in the cracks to get every last drop of his funky fluid. I need to come real bad.

The burly mechanic stands up, his dick all swollen and slick with jism. He reaches down and grabs the chain between my tits, hauling me to my feet.

Okay, asshole, time to go for a little ride," he says.

A ride? Where to, sir?"

"None of yer goddamn business, punk."

Al searches through the sack of toys and pulls out a leather hood. It has holes for the eyes and mouth, and these can be shut with zippers. I stand still while he pulls the hood down over my head and ties it in the back. The heady aroma of warm leather fills my nostrils, making me even hornier. The mouth slit is zippered shut, but he leaves the eye holes open — for now.

I must be a pretty sight standing there in his gear. I see him look me over with a sly grin. Then he grabs the chain on my tits again and leads me across the room towards the door. It's hard going because my feet are still shackled together, and I have a hard time keeping up. One of the spring clips accidentally snaps off from his tugging, and I let out a muffled cry of pain. Al turns around and frowns, then yanks the other clip off too — real hard, I yell.

"Goddam it, boy," he snorts. "You's better keep up or I'll stick some fucking nails through those tits of yers and make sure these damn things stay on. Get it?"

He replaces the clips on my throbbing nipples and once more we head out of the station. I make sure I keep up this time, hobbling along behind the naked mechanic in short, tortured steps.

We get out in front of the garage. The two truck is still parked in the spotlight, and my car is off to one side. The two big straps and chain of the tower hang down from the crane. Al leads me over to the back of the truck and stands me with my back to it. I'm not sure what's going on, but he sets to work, pulling the straps between my legs and hooking them up to the cable above my head. Then he walks around beside the truck and flicks the switch on the wench. Suddenly I'm being lifted off the ground. The goddamn fucker lifts me up by those straps until my back is parallel to the ground and my eyes are up in the air. I'm hanging there on the end of a big truck, slung up like I've seen guys in the sex bars in New York. The straps of the crane work just like a sling. When he's got me where he wants me, Al comes back around behind. My ass is right at his chest level, open and exposed to his desires.

"Now we'll see if we kin take care of this," he grins, patting my rump. "But first, we go for a little ride."

Al zips the eye slits shut on the hood, blocking out all my light. He can't be serious, I think to myself. Him bareassed, and me dangling there from the back of the two truck — we can't go nowhere like this! But before I can protest, I hear the cab door slam and he revs her up. With a quick jolt he heads that baby out of there and onto the road.

Hell! I've never had such a ride before. I'm bouncing around in mid-air, my cock flapping back and forth as he hightails it down that fucking dirt road. He doesn't spare me any bumps, either. I pray that he's got me strapped in there real tight.

After a few harrowing minutes, we turn off onto another road that's much smoother. I figure we must be back out on the highway or something. This guy's nuts! What if someone should come cruising by and sees me there like that? I have to admit, though, that my poor cock was ready to explode. And it would've, too, I bet, if it weren't for the fact that my bladder was so full that the come had nowhere to go.

We don't go far before I hear something. Sure enough, there's somebody pulling up behind us. I can just picture some rookie state trooper getting an eyeful of my butt in his high beams. It would be all over.

The noise grows louder, and I guess from the sound of the engine that it's a truck, a big one — probably a semi. I can see little streaks of light, too, through the zippers over my eyes. I expect Al to pull off to the side of the road to let the rig by, but no dice. The truck pulls right up behind us until I can feel the heat of his engine on my ass. All of

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a sudden he lets loose with a blast of his horn that nearly scared the shit out of me.

Then it dawns on me. When I was riding in the cab before, I saw that Al was equipped with a CB. He must've called one of his buddies on the radio, and now his friend was following us to God-knows-where.

Soon A turns off the highway again. We go a little further, then stop. I hear the semi pull up behind us, and the cab door slams shut.

"Hey, Al," cries a big, booming voice. "Whatcha got there?"

"I got me a real asshole," Al laughs.

I hear the two men approach, and suddenly the slits over my eyes are opened again. I look around. We're out in the middle of some woods. There's no light around except the head lights from the semi. Al is standing there, and beside him is his friend — a big, muscular black trucker dressed in tight levis and black engineer boots. He's almost as big as Al, with a short black Afro and skin that shone like ebony in the truck lights. One look at that motherfucker and I knew I was in for it.

The black trucker quickly slipped out of his levis and put his boots back on. He had a huge prick, like some cop's night stick poking out from between his massive black thighs. "Hey, man," he says. "That's a mighty pretty ass you got there. Kin I take a look?"

"Help yourself," Al says.

The trucker comes up behind me. I feel his big hands run up and down the crack of my butt, poking around at my balls and asshole. He shoves one of his big fingers up my hole and twists it around. I writhe on the straps as he reams my butt with first one finger, then two. I have the sinking feeling it's my stomach that I'm going to get a lot more than that up there before they're through.

"Hey," says Al. "Let me open that up for ya." He goes to the side of the tow truck and fetches a lug wrench, the kind with four iron bars shaped like a cross. I see him smear some stuff on one of the ends, then he comes around to join his black friend. The trucker's fingers pull out of my asshole and Al puts the tip of the wrench against my puckered sphincter.

"Now hold still, boy," he says. "I'm gonna loosen up them nuts of yers a bit."

The next thing I know, I feel the hard steel of the wrench sink into my asshole. It's slippery and cold, and the feel of its weight in my gut sends shivers down my back. He shoves it in further, a good eight inches or so, then slowly starts sliding it in and out of my ass. I'm swaying back and forth on the straps as he shoves that thing in and out, in and out. I start to moan through the leather. Goddam! I've never been fucked like that before. My whole body quivers from the sensation of the hard steel penetrating my guts. When Al sees that I'm getting off on what he's doing, he gives the wrench a quick spin. My guts feel like they're being twisted around inside me, and I can't help but scream out loud.

"Shut up, asshole!" Al hollers. He spins the wrench again, and once more I cry out, half in pleasure and half in pain. That makes him mad. He leaves the wrench sticking up my butt and goes over again to the side of the truck. He comes back carrying a pair of jumper cables.

"This'll shut you up," he growls. He yanks the chain from my tits, and replaces the clips with the ends of the jumper cables. The huge copper jaws are partially covered with strips of leather, but still those sharp teeth bite into my tits like a pair of alligators. I struggle fiercely to free my hands so I can pull those goddam things off, but it's no use. I can't see where the other ends go.

"Goddam it!" I yell angrily. "Take the fuckers off yo'-son of a bitch!"

"Later," Al says. "Now shut up!"

"Those things aren't connected to anything, are they?"

The black trucker smirks. Now wouldn't you just hate to find out asshole. Better shut up and do as A, and I say, or you may just wind up with 20 volt titts." He laughs. I try to relax. My breath is coming in short, painful

gasps as the giant copper clips bob back and forth over my chest. It's almost too much. My head reels and I feel myself becoming almost hypnotized by the pain. I feel like I'm floating in some hot, delirious swirl of sex. Every nerve in my body is primed, my muscles taut. Al continues to ream my guts with the lug wrench and I let myself be pulled along by the sensation.

When he's figure I'm loose enough, the wrench slides out of my hole. I know what's coming next. The black trucker smears his hand and arm with grease, then slips several fingers in my sore hole.

"Okay, boy. Get ready," he says. "You're gonna get fist-fucked like never before."

He shoves the whole of his hand up my ass. I hear myself moaning with lust and that black arm begins to slide up inside me. My belly feels like it's full of his arm, and my eyes are bulging from their sockets. I can only breathe in short, heavy gasps. It takes him a while to get the whole thing in, and it feels like a fucking telephone pole sticking up my butt.

"Oh, Jesus!" I moan. "Fuck me, man. Fuck me."

"Yeah, asshole, take it." The trucker begins to pump his muscular arm in and out like a pist. I'm so crazy I don't care anymore. I start screaming and yelling as I feel the piss and come boiling up in my nuts. He's shoving it out of my body with his fist.

"I'm coming!" I scream. And without even touching it, I look down and see my cock explode. The trucker pounds away at my guts, shoving the piss and come out of my body all at once. I never did that before. The piss squirted out with the jism, and because there was so much of it, it felt like I was coming forever. Over and over again, with each thrust of that huge black arm, I let loose with tortured spurts of cock juice. I could see Al jerking himself off watching the whole scene.

After what seemed like an eternity, the orgasm was over. I lay there in the sling panting, feeling like I was in some crazy dream that I didn't want to end. Slowly, the trucker pulls his arm out of my ass.

"Let him down," he says.

Al lowers the straps until my feet touch the ground. I can barely stand. My knees feel like they're going to buckle under me any minute, and my whole body shakes. Al takes the straps from between my legs.

"Okay, asshole," the trucker says. "Now suck my cock."

I can't protest anymore. I kneel down in the dirt in front of that big black dude and open my mouth. He unzips the slit and sticks the bulbous head of his big prick between the zipper teeth. It's a monster cock, but it slides in all the way to the back of my throat.

I just stay there like that as he grabs me by the side of my head and fucks my face. It doesn't take him long, either. In a few minutes he grits his teeth and lets loose a wad of jism that would've choked a horse. I swallow it. When he's finished, he just pushes me away.

"Thanks," he says to Al. "Nice piece of asshole you got there." He puts his levis back on, hops in his truck, and is gone as quickly as he came.

Al lifts me up. He takes the cables off my tits and throws them in the back of the tower. "Git in," he says.

I stumble around to the cab and climb in. We ride back to the garage in silence. When we get there, he unzips all the gear and lets me get dressed. He doesn't touch me, just lays down naked on the cot and drinks another beer.

"Well," he says. "I guess that just about takes care of the bill."

"Thanks," I say. "I guess it does."

"If ya ever need more . . . uh, work done, you know where to find me." Al grins and takes a gulp of beer.

"Yep," I say. "I'll give you a call."

I look him there and went out to my car. I thought about the blond at the bar as I climbed in and drove away. He'll be waiting for me, probably pissed off because I'm so late. But it'll be worth the wait, I think to myself. I've learned a new trick or two, and I think he just might enjoy them!

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ELEVENTH and FOLSOM, SAN FRANCISCO

The time is the closing years of the Second World War. The place is a resistance hideout in Annweiler Germany—where two lone members of the Scottish Resistance League, formally known as HRMSRL (His Royal Majesty's Scottish Resistance League) have been smuggled into the enemy territory to carry out one of the little known but most daring escapades of the era: Operation Snatch Bunderpost!

It is near dawn and our heroes O'Brien and O'Malley, are just waking up—

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen the BBC is proud to bring you another installment in our series, Over There! thrilling true life adventures from the files of the OSS the CIA and the National Historical Society for the Preservation of the United Kingdom's Resistance Programs. Tonights drama concerns the daring and clever clandestine operation known as Bunderpost Snatch, or Operation Snatch Bunderpost—as it was then called by our brave lads.

In real life, Commander O'Brien was a young and fearless hero who participated in many daring actions against the Nazi terror that plagued the known Western World. His partner, O'Malley disappeared after the war and was only heard from once again—a cryptic post card from Geneva that read "Tell the UN this is as good a place as any to open a post office."

For years speculation ran high that this last coded message was the final part of Operation Snatch Bunderpost or Bunderpost Snatch, as it is logged in the Ministry of Historic Anti-Nazi Operations.

Tonight, O'Brien will be played by Jacques Ferras and O'Malley will be played by Jose Poncho Gomez.

So, without further ado, off we go to the Supreme Bunderpost Command and act one of tonight's drama.

It is just before dawn at Bunderpost Command. Hans Briest is alone, tying large bundles closed with string when off in the next room can be heard the sound of a key in a lock—

Music up, and a young girl's voice is heard singing

Vor der Kaserne
vor dem groben Tor
und eine Laterne,
und steht sie noch davor,
so wolln wir uns da wiedersehn
bei der Laterne wolln wir stehn—

Kommander Kurtz: So, Hans, you have been up all night?

Hans Briest: Yes, mien Herr, but I have finished

Kommander Kurtz: Good! You are a good boy, Hans! I will see that you are properly rewarded for your hard work and ceaseless efforts.

Hans Briest: Oh, Danke, mien Kommander. It is not necessary I am always willing to do my part...or anyone's part...for our glorious cause.

Kommander Kurtz: You are too humble, Hans. You can not get anywhere in this world by being humble. I didn't get where I am today by being humble. Humble is for cowards. Take a lesson from our unhumble leader...be bold.

Hans Briest: Yes, mien Kommander.

Kommander Kurtz: So, are you ready to leave on your very important assignment?

Hans Briest: Yes, mien Kommander. But just one thing, mien Kommander...

Kommander Kurtz: What is it, Hans?

Hans Briest: Do you think I am ready for such an important mission? I am only a lowly private and therefore not skilled in the ways for secret missions.

Kommander Kurtz: You will do fine, Hans, do you hear me? You will do fine or I will beat your ass bloody, you understand?

Hans Briest: Yes, mien Kommander.

Kommander Kurtz: You will make no mistakes, there will be no slip ups, no monkey business, no screwing around or you will not be bold, Hans, you will not even be able to sit down, you understand?

Hans Briest: Yes, mien Kommander.

Kommander Kurtz: Good! Now get your gear ready and take these packages to Annweiler. You will report to Kommander Katz and he will give you your instructions from there, you understand?

Hans Briest: Yes, mien Kommander.

It is dawn in Annweiler. O'Brien and O'Malley are sitting in their hideout listening to the wireless. A girl's voice can be heard singing

Underneath the lampost
by the barracks door—

O'Brien: It should be soon, O'Malley.

O'Malley: I know. Any moment now...but O'Brien, do we think we can pull it off? I mean, we don't speak no German.

O'Brien: Don't worry, O'Malley. We won't be talking to him, we'll just snatch the bundles and run.

O'Malley: I hope he doesn't resist. We don't have no guns, you know.

O'Brien: Now don't be worrying, O'Malley. It's going to be as smooth an operation as a Barvarian creme torte.

Music, no singing

Photos by Mike Arian





Announcer: The operation was a smashing success. The packages being delivered by the Deutsches Bunderpost were snatched and the poor messenger didn't even know it.

Music, same, a young girl is singing:
*Unse beiden Schatten
sahn wie einer aus,
Dab wir so lieb uns hatten,
das sah man gleich deraus*

Hans Briest: Kommander Kurtz! Kommander Kurtz!

(The sound of a door being opened)
Kommander Kurtz: Hans what is it? Why are you back so soon?

Hans Briest: Mien Kommander, a terrible thing has happened!

Kommander Kurtz: What is it Hans?
Hans Briest: Mien Kommander, I was taking a piss against a tree by the side of the road...and...Mien Kommander, I was only looking away for a moment, just long enough to shake the piss off my...just for a moment!

Kommander Kurtz: What happened, Hans! What are you taking about- what is all this pissen?

Hans Briest: Mien Kommander, they came out of nowhere, I didn't see or hear them...I was just shaking the piss...

Kommander Kurtz: They who Hans? Make some sense, you dunkoff!

Hans Briest: I don't know who they were but they took the Bunderpost bundles and hit me over the head

Kommander Kurtz: What! What do you mean! What did they hit you with? I'll have your ass for this, Hans!

Hans Briest: But mien Kommander, you did back in the summer of '44

Kommander Kurtz: Hans! Are you listening, dumphkoff? What did they hit you with? Who were they?

Hans Briest: Mien Kommander they hit me with a mackerel...I don't know who they were, but they took the Bunderpost bundles

Kommander Kurtz: Yes, Hans, I understand that part. They took the Bunderpost bundles and you are finished. Understood you understand?

Hans Briest: Yes, Mien Kommander. At you we!

Kommander Kurtz: But listen, Hans, where they Germans? Did you see them?

Hans Briest: I only saw them as I was passing out from the blow, mien Kommander...

Kommander Kurtz: From the mackerel?

Hans Briest: It was a big mackerel!

Announcer: Meanwhile, back in Annweiler

O'Brien: This is a lot of mail.

O'Malley: I know, O'Brien, you think this is going to make a difference?

O'Brien: Sure it is, think of all the instructions, directions, and feelings of security the...

O'Malley: Holy Shit! O'Brien! Look at this.

O'Malley: What it is...some photographs

O'Brien: Holy mother of us all! Look at the size of that guy's wanger...I've never seen anything like it, except on a horse once and that was a different color

O'Malley: There's another one, look at that, it's hard...and it's as big as me wrist...and I don't have small wrists either!

O'Brien: Who is this letter addresses to?

O'Malley: Herr Underst

O'Brien: Well, it isn't his brother or his father, cause his name is on the back and it's Schlondorpt

O'Malley: What does the letter say?

O'Brien: I can't read it, it's all in German. But, look, O'Malley—here's another letter with a picture—wait, this one is in English "I saw your ad in the Berlinerhomo and I decided to write you and tell you that I would very much like to have you plow my ass with your fat Nazi cock..." O'Malley, it makes my ass hurt to think about it—look at the size of this one's cock, it's as big as the first one

O'Malley: It sure is getting hot in here, I think I'll take off my uniform...at least my kilt

O'Brien: Listen to this, "I would like to feel your thick uncut muscle ramming itself down my hot, wet, eager throat And to eat your creamy, Aryan load" What's a load, O'Malley?

O'Malley: There'll be one coming out the head of my dick any minute now if I don't cool off, O'Brien

O'Brien: Oh, I see—you took your kilt off, O'Malley!

O'Malley: Yes, it feels much better. You can take your off too, O'Brien...then we can sit down and read all these letters and look at all the photographs.

O'Brien: But you know regulations demand that we not dispose of our uniforms while on a mission

O'Malley: The mission is over, O'Brien And it is a success, so relax. We can start a new mission if you like

O'Brien: What do you mean?

O'Malley: We could try out all the things mentioned in those letters and see if it leads to any secret revelations

Announcer: Meanwhile, back in the Bunderpost Command

Kommander Kurtz: If I told you once, I told you a hundred times

Hans Briest: Yes, mien Kommander



Kommander Kurtz: And you don't pay attention, Hans. You have to pay attention. I didn't get where I am today by not paying attention

Hans Briest: Yes, mien Kommander

Kommander Kurtz: So, Hans, you know what I am going to do to you?

Hans Briest: No, mien Kommander

Kommander Kurtz: I am going to punish you, Hans

Hans Briest: Yes, mien Kommander
Kommander Kurtz: So get over here on the double! Now turn around! Now drop those pants and lean over the desk! Go on, you worthless messenger, lean over the desk! Now count! (The sound of a leather whip striking naked buttocks)

Hans Briest: Ouch! One!

Kommander Kurtz: Say Sir!

Hans Briest: Ouch! One! Sir! (Another ash) Ouch! Two! Sir!

Kommander Kurtz: Hans, why is your cock standing up?

Hans Briest: I don't know Sir But every-time the whip kisses my ass, it gets harder

Kommander Kurtz: That's strange. Hans, because mine gets harder too! Watch... (Another lash)... See, it is now completely hard!

Hans Briest: Mien Kommander, so is mine Mien Kommander, you have a big dick!

Kommander Kurtz: Yes, Hans, I know The biggest in my squad And I was the biggest in my graduating class Gobbels once told me I was the biggest he

had ever seen...but he was still checking and promised to get back to me if he ever found one bigger But you know, Hans, you may be second biggest. Not that I got where I am today being second biggest, you understand

Hans Briest: Yes, mien Kommander

Kommander Kurtz: Now lean back over the desk. I want to see if it's too big

Hans Briest: Too big, mien Kommander?

Kommander Kurtz: Yes, Hans, too big for your bloody ass!

Announcer: Meanwhile, back in Annweiler...

O'Brien: It feels much cooler without my uniform... look at this one, O'Malley! This has to be the biggest one yet, it must be a foot long!

O'Malley: I've seen that guy somewhere before

O'Brien: Oh yes? Where?

O'Malley: I'm not sure

O'Brien: Look! He's got balls bigger than my prize bull!

O'Malley: Wait! Now I remember He's Kommander Kurtz, head of Bunderpost Security!

O'Brien: Holy shit! And we have a photograph of him in the stark bejeasus with his foot long dong hanging down to his kneecaps!

O'Malley: This will get us a promotion for sure

Announcer: Meanwhile, back at Bunderpost Command.

Kommander Kurtz: Oh, Hans! It fits so good!

Hans Briest: Yes, mien Kommander, tight but good

Kommander Kurtz: Hans, maybe you're not such a bad boy after all

Hans Briest: Yes, mien Kommander

Kommander Kurtz: Maybe I can find a place for you in my new assignment Oh, Hans, yes, move those hips! Oh Hans!

Hans Briest: What is your new assignment, mien Kommander? Oh, mien Kommander, harder, harder!

Kommander Kurtz: Oh, Hans! I am being promoted to head of Deutschesgrammerphone Security Oh, yes, mien lieben!

(Music is heard and a young girl singing,

Schon rief der Posten

Sie blasen Zapfenstreich

Es kann drei Tage kosten

Kam'rad, ich komm ja gleich

Da sagten wir auf Wiedersehen

Wie gerne wollt ich mit dir gehn

mit dir Lili Marleen'

Announcer: And that concludes tonight's radio program Be sure to tune in tomorrow when the BBC Historic Society will present the Trial of Oscar Wilde with Gladys Knight playing Oscar, Sarah Lee playing Boswell and Ronald Reagan playing the kazoo







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ASK ROBERT

Dear Robert Payne Sir:

I have read your "Story of Q," "Mr. Benson" and the "Leatherman's Handbook" and I believe you are qualified to help me in a situation I find myself. My master and I have been together for two years now and I have received some very good training. Same guys have told me that their masters lose interest in the master/slave relationship after awhile, but my master seems to get more and more strict. At home I am not allowed on the furniture, the toilet seats (or even in his bathroom), to eat at the table or wear clothing inside, even when we have company. To celebrate our first anniversary, he had a tattoo put on my ass with his initials, and this year he says he is going to brand me on the other cheek.

I am telling you all this to let you know that we are really together. Our salaries go into the house and car and living expenses together, everything we own is joint ownership. I feel very secure except for one thing. He usually won't let me be used by anyone else, which is fine. But he picks up other m's sometimes and brings them home and makes me have a three-way session with them. Or last week he brought another master and his slave home and they traded us off. The guy was alright and we had quite a session but there is only one man I am interested in and I can't help feeling not only jealousy but a little bit insecure. I haven't said anything to him, not only because I am afraid to, but maybe I am being a silly ass. What do you think?

Humbly, AF, Phoenix

A.F. — I did not write the "Leatherman's Handbook." John Preston wrote "Mr. Benson." You have a lot wrapped up in this relationship, naturally you are protective of it. However, maybe your master is more secure in it than you are. It is up to him whether or not you have sessions with anyone else. He very likely is working at making your lives together more interesting for both of you. If he is not concerned about your being tempted with another master than he is relatively sure of you, right, asshole?

If he has branded you and plans to do it again, he obviously plans to be with you for quite awhile. You have nothing to worry about, so don't bother him or me with this childishness.

Show him your letter and my answer. He may punish you for having written without permission, or it might open up some important dialogue. Or both.

Dear Robert Payne:

I have always been a top man, have no desire to be a bottom. Occasionally I am attracted to someone else's property. Of course I check first to see what their reaction to my inspecting their property is. The request is made properly to the Master. In my book, the slave is never consulted. Sometimes I get nothing but attitude. Occasionally everybody gets a turn-on. What is your opinion of this?

MW, Des Moines

I find your approach to be straight forward. This is an older custom than you might think. Gentlemen in New Orleans in clubs would allow their fellows to "finger" their fancy bucks, that is order them to "shuck down" and show what they had. Usually one offers to let the other Master check out his own stud when he requests the same courtesy from the other. If you don't happen to have one with you, then you can at least make a token offer of returning the favor. Masters who give 'attitude' to a reasonable and courteous request, probably are a little on the insecure side.

Dear Robert Payne

What do you think of the recent arrest in San Francisco of the pair that kidnapped and held their victims for days, injuring them in S&M practices. Isn't that a danger to all of us?

R.L., Chicago

The best information we have (none of which came from the newspapers which was mostly bullshit) is that in that instance, there was no kidnapping, it was carried on with the consent of everyone involved from the beginning. It seems to have been a drug problem rather than an S&M one.

Being at someone's mercy while they (and possibly you) are under the influence of who-knows-what is stupid and dangerous. Usually there is safety in numbers, but in this case that didn't seem to work.

Such carryings-on is definitely a danger to all of us in more ways than one

Robert

I am in my early fifties and am tired of cruising bars and baths. I am a somewhat shy top, if that is possible. I want to find someone in their thirties that is muscular and obedient. I am not interested in one night stands. Money is not a problem but I am tired of drifters and disco queens. Any ideas?

S.T., Miami

PAYNE



MALECALL

Continued from page 7

spite of everything, I think you do a great job, and I look forward to remaining a satisfied customer. Keep up the good work.

J. F. F.

A SLAVE'S DREAM

I have been a real full-time, red-blooded, Yankee slave boy, serving one and only one man, my Master, a hot, macho Latin, a native and citizen of the Dominican Republic, for six years. I have been a genuine slave, the property of this hot Topman, who has been iteratively that for all of his thirty-six years. I have not had a job out in the world for the past six years. I am a totally monogamous slave. No bullshit!

Adjusting to the life of a slave at the age of thirty, "Don't come easy," as the song states. Through the grace of God, the patience of my Master, various degrees of determination, a strong faith rooted in positivity and beauty and our love — never tiring and never-ending. I am forwardly pursuing my vocation, a life of slavery dedicated by a most solemn and sacred covenant to serving, obeying and being totally open, honest and truthful to my Man, the object of my complete respect.

Now that you know a speck about me let me tell you about a dream I had recently. The following came to me in a dream in which Christ was teaching me about the beauty of my homosexuality and masochism. He wrote these words and handed me the page without speaking.

"The only way sex is misused or abused is by ridiculing it or laughing ashamedly about it or by treating it lightly as though it had no real worth."

Cum permissu,
Slave affie, Manhattan

SUGGESTIONS AND ...

I've just finished reading issue 42, and it was a definite turn-on, especially the section on S&M in Houston. "Meat Straight to Hell," and this month's "Tough Shit" page. But the reason I'm taking time out to write is to add my support to letterwriter C.M.'s complaint that DRUMMER could do with a few more photoseries on certain subjects.

In your "Getting Off" column you asked for readers' help in suggesting changes for DRUMMER, so in addition to the suggestions above, I'd like to mention that a section on readers' experiences (of any sort) comparable to the *Penthouse Forum* would be great. Whether the letters you would get would be based on real or fantasized experiences wouldn't matter; either way they would be a turn-on and I'd bet you'd be deluged with letters if only you'd set aside a few pages for such a forum. Maybe the "Malecall" section could be expanded in this way.

Vince
Philadelphia, PA

Plenty! All you have said is what you want. We have to read between the lines to find out what you have to offer. Fifteen is not a liability if you know what you are doing. Many younger guys are looking for someone more mature and knowledgeable than they are.

The Leather Fraternity was created to help like-minded men to find one another. Answer an ad or run one. Shyness is not as big a liability as being a loud-mouth can be. Don't be too picky about the guy's physical appearance. If he isn't the shape you want, send him to a gym. Too hairy? Shave him. Too pushy? Train him. Not dependable? Get rid of him.

Dear Robert:

My lover, who is also my slave, is docile enough. However, he complains when he is uncomfortable or if I squeeze his balls or if I turn him over in the middle of the night and want to use him. He complains that he is sleepy. I find this the most irritating of all. Who is wrong here?

HM, Atlanta, Georgia

You are. Discomfort for a slave is a matter of degrees. If he is in unbearable pain, that is one thing and you are at fault. If he is inconvenienced, tough shit. Do the same thing your dad did to you in the woodshed. Take a belt to his ass and get rid of all that attitude. As for using him at any time of the day or night, that is what he is for. Tie him spreadeagled to the bed, warm his ass with the aforementioned belt until he is more awake and in a truly receptive mood, then use him. After all that is what he is for. His responsibility is not to irritate you but to please you. Your responsibility is his safety and security and well being. If his complaints are screams of pain, that is something else. But as I understand your problem, your lover needs a stronger hand.

Dear Mr. Payne:

I am a former athlete that has entered into a master/slave relationship with an older guy that I am very strongly attracted to, enough that I have agreed to his complete management of my affairs as well as my life. I mention my former profession because it might help explain the work I am doing now. Since I have very little experience in any other profession, my work is usually manual labor. My master will not let me bartend or be a waiter, although the tips are very good. He has made me hustle a few times and I give the money to him, which is more symbolic than anything else. But I want him to take my wages, since whatever a slave owns or earns

belongs to his master, doesn't it? He seems reluctant to take it since he is pretty well fixed, but it is a real turn on for me to give him my pay check every Friday night. He says ask you. What do you think?

SG, Chicago, Illinois

I would suggest to your master that he take your wages from you, which turns you on, and deposit them in a trust account, belonging to you but over which he has control. Many things change in time as do your needs. He obviously doesn't love you for your earning power nor does he need your wages. However, he could put it away for you, and should anything happen to you, you would be protected. As for making you hustle for bucks, that has a number of legal ramifications that I choose not to advise you on. However, should you be busted for such activities, he certainly has an obligation to bail you out and defend you. If that is part of the trip, as it is the police's, enjoy.

Robert, Sir,

I am a slave whose master is planning to pierce my nipples and perhaps my right ear. I am afraid, of course, but even more afraid he will not stop there. I love him and trust him, but fear that he will get carried away. He is having the piercing done, so there is another person involved. Should I let him have his way with me?

RL, New York

If you are a slave, you really don't have too much choice. If your master is calling in someone else to do the actual work, then he is concerned, I assume, that it be done properly. I suggest that you respectfully ask him what he has in mind, which he is not really obligated to answer, but probably will. Tell him of your fears and let him fill you in on his intentions. Piercing, next to tattooing, is like a wedding ceremony and should be taken very seriously. Whoever does the piercing should know what the hell he is doing and why. Trust him — or leave him.

YOU MAY WRITE TO ROBERT PAYNE c/o DRUMMER, 15 Harriet, San Francisco, CA 94103. If your letter is used, he will send you an autographed copy of your choice of his books. If you wish a more private answer, send a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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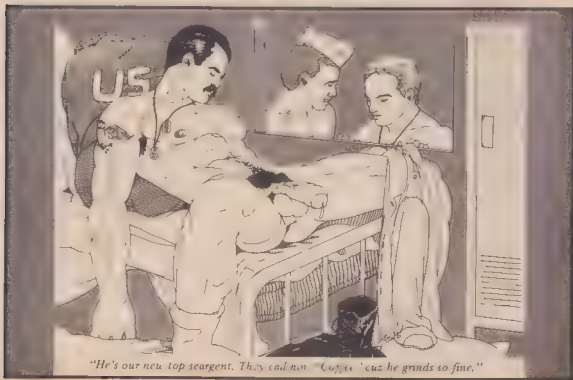
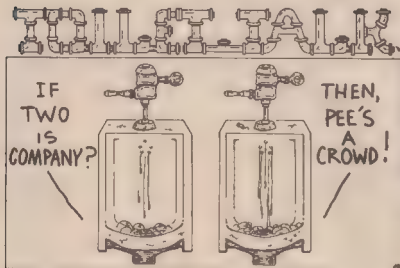
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DRUMSTICKS



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AFTER A LIGHT DINNER WE LINGERED OVER COFFEE

and brandy. I had the feeling that no one was really anxious to enter the castle, but I also sensed a diversity of unspoken attitudes — vibes, if you will. Following a lengthy discussion it was agreed that this night's "seance" would be an S&M scene, with half our group scattered to observe any extraneous activity from several vantage points. Bert had made the original suggestion, I think, expressing the consensus of opinion: "We might as well go on as if nothing were amiss. If the thing is going to appear again, it may respond sooner to the accustomed routines."

"Besides, it's a hell of a lot more fun than sitting on your duff and waiting," Edgar had added.

It may have been a reflection of the general mood, but I found myself somewhat enervated prior to our departure for the castle . . . a little disturbed, maybe. Partially, my feelings may have derived from a very conscious awareness of the difference between the present emotional attitude of my companions, and the excited expectancy of those with whom I had shared the same fancies the previous summer. Another source of my own peculiar state of mind was the knowledge that I was about to enter the dungeon with Bert — an occurrence I had been anticipating for months — but that circumstances were going to prevent my being able to do any of the things I had planned and dreamed about.

Finally, with an air of forced joviality, Alfred stood up and suggested we get started. His cottage was built directly above the old escape tunnel. While everyone bundled up, the old man heaved open the trap door in his bedroom floor. The motions of getting ready to leave seemed to go on forever. I watched the

couple of the others — Bert and Edgar, particularly — stretch themselves, supple bodies bent backward, torsos outlined against the cloth of their shirts as they twisted from side to side, making the sinews crackle and the blood flow anew into sleeping muscles. Despite the lack of spontaneity, our impending action began to assume more attractive proportions. I pulled my arms into a nylon sweater, aware as I did so of a cold draft from the underground passage. This, combined with the suddenly much more probably-seeming prospect of coming face to face with a ghost, sent a chilly shiver up my spine.

Alfred went down the ladder first, followed by Bert and Edgar. Kurt swung himself into the dark opening just ahead of me, and Jim brought up the rear carrying the second flashlight. We moved in single file through the passage, leaving the cozy security of Alfred's cottage and making our way up the steep slope toward the castle. I could hear the elderly caretaker at the head of the group, speaking softly with Bert. My uncle's replies were too low for me to understand. I could see Alfred's flashlight casting its beam from side to side, and I presumed they were saying something about the condition of the walls. As the light flickered across the cold gray stones it made distorted shadows leap and expand, contract again and fade. I noticed a few ice crystals along the sides; here and there a trickle of water. The entire passage was like a deep freeze, bitter cold, with a clammy moisture which reminded me of the ship.

As we exited from the tunnel and came into the underground vault — was impressed at how quiet it was. An

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enormous fire blazed in the hearth, but did little to dispel the moist, icy cold on this far side of the chamber. When we approached the center, however, I began to feel the welcome radiations. I also felt a sense of awe; the hushed majesty of the dungeon seemed to obviate any doubt that I held a cache of dreadful secrets. A score of spirits might have lurked in the darkness about the upper walls, and I was suddenly grateful for the company of the others.

"What do we do now?" I asked, breaking the hush which had fallen over the group since entering the chamber.

We had automatically clustered about the fire, opening coats and jackets so the heat could penetrate. Alfred was rubbing his hands together, extending them toward the flames. "Last night we merely sat about and waited for something to happen," he remarked thoughtfully. He paused as if he'd intended to say something more.

"And you think our action tonight is going to encourage an appearance?" suggested Bert.

"Better than . . . what you call it . . . a seance," said Kurt with a sour expression.

"I have my doubts that a seance as such is ever going to produce results," said Edgar. He had completely removed his jacket and stood with his back to the fireplace, exposing his hands behind him as he faced the rest of us. "Your ghost has been reported to have appeared on two occasions," he continued. "Both times over there." He pointed toward the foot of the stone steps that led to the upper levels.

"And you are suspicious because it was exactly the same each time? Is that not the usual mode for a spirit?" added Alfred softly.

Edgar shrugged, as if unwilling to commit himself.

"If it's really — or supposedly — the ghost of a young monk," I added lightly, "he may appear because he's offended by the S&M." I had intended my remark to be sarcastic, but several guys — including Alfred — responded seriously.

"That may be," the old man said evenly.

"That herd of tourists may also have disturbed him," Bert suggested. Whether his expressionless mask was supposed to have been earnest or ironic, however, I couldn't tell.

"Either the real or the pretended reason for the appearances," Edgar reminded us.

"Sounds to me like an excuse for a little action," I quipped. I was doing my best to make light of it all, but this was not a true reflection of my feelings. I was trembling, and it wasn't entirely from the cold. Though I kept telling myself I was being foolish, the atmosphere of this ancient torture chamber made the existence of a ghost seem more than plausible. I glanced about the machinery and instruments, the great stone block in the center of the room with its leather restraints at the four corners; the collection of chains and harnesses over the bottomless pit across the way; the brands and whips and screw-driven crushing devices that hung about the walls. If the little acolyte had been entertained in this room before the bishop sealed his pain-wracked body into a wall, there was every justification for his spirit to remain and inconvenience the churchman's successors.

"Won't it be a little cold for the M?" asked Jim. He had also slipped his jacket off and was perched on the ledge in front of the hearth. But his hands gripped the stone, as upon his buttocks an inch or so above the surface. He was wearing jeans and lace-up boots, his legs outlined to perfection by the tightly fitted material."

"We must use the braziers," suggested Alfred. "Place them around the block . . . cover the stone with deerskin. I think it would not be too very cold."

Everyone had more or less adjusted to the heat from the fire, and I now moved a couple of steps away. It was almost too warm immediately in front of the hearth. I was excited by the idea of being involved in another session, despite my previous reservations. Ghost or no ghost, spontaneous activity or not, I suspect the others felt much the same.

"So, who's it to be?" asked Edgar brightly. He looked about the group, his dark eyes sparkling in the reflected light. I watched the play of muscular strength against the olive twill of his jumpsuit; felt the familiar warmth grip my arms. The guy definitely turned me on, and the longer I watched him the

more my interest concentrated itself to form a throbbing tinkle of lust within my balls.

One by one, we had piled our coats and jackets on the stone ledge, stacking them to either side of the fireplace. Alfred produced a bottle of brandy, which he passed around during the muttered half-angry discussion. Bert was standing a bit to one side, saying very little until Edgar made a playful grab to tweak his nipple, where it made an intriguing little point against his black T-shirt. My uncle seemed to have adjusted to the temperature more quickly than the rest of us, standing in apparent comfort in just a pair of black jeans, boots, and the fitted shirt. This was the closest I had ever come to seeing his body, I realized. Usually he was dressed in a business suit, else in leather with a loose-draped shirt. In the reddish light of the fire he was every bit as exciting as I had imagined him to be in my fantasies. He was broad through the chest and shoulders, tapering to a narrow waist. His arms were hard and well defined, his skin light in contrast to the darkness of his clothing. Until Edgar grabbed at him, he stood silent and thoughtful, thumbs hooked into the wide leather belt, long, thick fingers resting easily upon either side of his groin.

Bert jumped away at the unexpected contact, started, I supposed, because he had been lost in thought and had not seen Edgar approach him. Kurt had been watching them, and now permitted a slight, sardonic grin to curl his lips. "You seem best adapted to the cold," he told my uncle. "Perhaps you should be my subject."

Just the barest suggestion of an answering smile creased Bert's mouth. He made a slight negative motion with his head and nodded toward Jim. "That's the hungry one in the family," he said softly.

Kurt followed my uncle's gaze, though he had a strange expression I was unable to interpret. Whatever had passed between these men before I arrived, it had apparently left them with some shared, secret confidences . . . as he has with Jim, I thought . . . with everyone but me. Kurt touched the center of Jim's chest with his fist. "Well?" he asked.

"I'm . . . still a bit marked . . . from London," Jim faltered. He glanced uncertainly at Bert, who must have given some sign that passed without my recognizing it. "But if you don't mind slightly used merchandise . . ." he added. He took hold of the top button on his shirt, paused and looked about to survey the others' reactions.

"Okay by me," said Edgar.

"It is good," said Alfred. He squatted down and pulled out a wooden chest from under the ledge. Jim slowly removed his shirt and sat on the stone to unlace his boots. The old man took a large, fleecy skin from the container. "This should keep the stone from freezing your blood," he told the other. While Jim continued to strip, Alfred went to the block and covered it with the pelt, wooly side down so the soft, smooth deerskin made a flat surface across the stone. The whole business seemed a little less awkward, I thought, as action began to drive away reserve and lethargy. Within myself, I felt the lust building and I was certain the others were responding similarly, though their outward expressions were still a bit reserved.

It was the sight of Jim's naked body which broke the impasse. The unsteady reddish glow from the fire helped to obscure the marks on his back and buttocks. His face had recovered just enough to benefit by the same effect of color and darkened shadow. His small stature was emphasized, too, by the rest of the group being clothed. The contrast was as stark as the lights and darkness from the flames. Despite my own familiarity with Jim's attributes I responded to their sensual aspects as readily as any of my companions.

Kurt made the first move, taking over as I had seen him do so many times before. He placed his wide, thick-fingered hand on the naked chest, caressed its satin surface, hesitating only a moment at one nipple before letting his hand slide across Jim's midsection and cup itself beneath the balls. The smaller man stayed in place, unmoving, his gaze cast downward in keeping with the role of subject. Edgar stood behind him, watching the play of light and shadow across Jim's backside. There was no mistaking the interest in his expression or

the gleam of appreciation in his eyes. With this shift of attention toward a strongly sexual setting, the whole chamber seemed suddenly warmer and the barriers of reserve were quickly giving way between us.

A freed hand remained by the central block, looking back at the rest of us. Still holding Jim's balls in his hand, Kurt led the unresisting figure across the stone floor. For the first time, I noted that Jim had slipped his feet into his boots, which served the dual purpose of protecting his feet from the cold surface, while giving him an air of even greater sensuality. Speaking softly, but with a tone of stern command, Kurt directed him onto the deer skin which covered the platform. He lifted the first of the leather restraints and fastened this about one of Jim's ankles. I had moved slightly forward, as had Edgar. Bert lingered behind us, near the fire, though he followed slowly as we neared the rectangular stone. The deer skin gave the block a more barbaric appearance: as if we were watching some prehistoric rite, a prisoner of an ancient tribe prepared for sacrifice.

Alfred had started to move a heavy iron brazier from the far side toward the center. Seeing that I was too much for him to manage on his own, I stepped over to help. Between us, we dragged a pair of these into position opposite two diagonal corners. The old man went to the fire and carried back some coals on a shovel, placing a fair amount into each container. I looked down at Jim, who was now secured at wrists and ankles, lying on his back in complete helplessness. Kurt had adjusted the chains connecting the leather bands, lightening them so his prisoner's body was stretched taut across the surface. He stood beside the block, running his hands down the length of the other's body, lingering at the most sensitive spots, twisting the flesh between thumb and forefinger to make the captive writhe and twist, creating a picture of imprisoned strength.

"Vortrefflich!" Alfred muttered. "Exquisite. That is!" Edgar agreed. It was the first time he spoken for several minutes, and his deep bass voice was jarring. It gave him an air of command and authority. I thought, and my feeling was apparently shared by the others. Everyone had turned to look at him, even Kurt, whose hand remained on Jim's midsection, idly stroking the plant hair of his leg.

Edgar grinned self-consciously, and as he started comment, it seemed his gaze fell most pointedly on me. "I think it's time to place our observers," he said softly. The glass doors swung back around the circle of faces. The trace of a smile remained on his lips. "I know we'd all rather remain in the center of action, but . . . ah, it could be a little too . . . distracting . . . suspect . . . this . . . and . . . he smacked his lips and licked them, . . . mmm, just enough to make right. I feel the very genuine desire which showed in his eyes and by the rather obvious swelling in his crotch."

"Someone's got to make the sacrifice," I agreed lightly. I glanced at Jim, then, and laughed. "No, you intended!" I added.

He returned my look with an unblinking gaze, his demeanor so serious I wondered for the first time whether he had taken the role of M because he wanted it, or whether he was merely fulfilling my uncle's wishes. No reason for that, I thought. I'm making too much of it.

"Since Kurt and Alfred know the last element I might suggest that they do the honors," Edgar continued. "Let's say . . . one over by the hearth, just far enough away to maintain a degree of . . . objectivity. The other should be above, where he can watch the entire chamber."

Kurt sighed, gave Jim's cock a final squeeze and nodded his assent. "It is correct," he said. "Let the old man sit by the fire. I shall go above."

"Alone?" I asked without thinking.

Kurt turned on me with a harshly knowing smile, and in the first instance it struck me as so malevolent I shuddered and took an involuntary step backward. He moved after me, though, and as he changed position I realized my perception had been mostly due to the effect of the lighting. "Perhaps our American friend would like to come along and . . . protect me," he said in a tone of challenge.

It was almost as if he dared me to accept, but I think the effect was lost on the others as they couldn't see his face, I

"Maybe I'll just do that," I answered firmly.

Edgar laughed softly, making a deep rich sound . . . like the devil in *Faust*. "Okay," he said. "Soldiers, to your posts!"

I looked over at Bert, who had remained mute through all the verbal exchange. He nodded at me and walked moving up to stand beside Edgar. Alfred retreated to the fireplace edge, and Kurt beckoned me to follow him. Without a backward glance, he led me through the darkened passage, up the stairs inside the wall. We came onto the landing where we could look out through the narrow opening to survey the entire vault below us. This was at the point where the passage took a right angle turn and extended twenty-five or thirty feet into the blackness before it turned again to parallel the inner walls of the adjoining rooms.

Because of the cramped quarters, it was necessary that we stand close together. I had left my jacket downstairs, as had Kurt, and I wondered if he welcomed the warmth of our contact as I did. While we stood there, I kept telling myself how foolish it was to maintain the hostility, but I couldn't realize that it was Kurt's doing, not mine. On the other hand, I had offended him . . . disappointed him, maybe even led him on, though I had not intended to do so. Despite my trying to deny it, I knew the blame was not completely his. After several minutes of jockeying for position, bumping shoulders and neither of us speaking to the other, I saw him slip his arm under his and slid my hand around his waist. This pulled us together and made it easier for each to see through the narrow vertical slit in the stone.

At first I sensed the tensing of Kurt's body, and his muscles seemed to harden beneath my fingers. He still didn't say anything, but neither did he make any move to shove me away. Gradually I felt him relax, and I was trying to think of the proper words when he abruptly turned toward me. For a split second I could see his face, dark and mostly in shadow. But his sharply chisled features were emphasized by the light that filtered in through the restricted opening. I could see the passionate intensity in his eyes. He held me against him, both arms locked around my waist. Then his hands slid slowly up my back and he drove his lips upon mine.

It was not a gentle kiss, and whatever tender emotion he may have felt was lost in the desperate, possessive demand. His front teeth jarred on mine, his mouth forcing my lips to part as his tongue plunged inside and his grasp tightened about my body until he forced the wind from my lungs. Hungrily, with all passion's restraint, he devoured me. I felt in his warmth and passion. His tongue and lips were seeking some inner goal that was physically impossible to obtain. I was surmounted by a superpowered and even more intense passion on his right or his motivation. I could feel the thrusting demand where his loins ground against me, and I answered this as fully as I did the rest. It was a disruptive, unexpected assault on my senses; but my response was complete . . . unrestrained. On my part, at least - and, I suspected, on Kurt's - it was a purely physical craving, a need to feel his body on mine and to share the reciprocal strength of his being.

When he finally let go his hold and lifted his face, both of us were gasping for breath, both reluctant to sever the contact of our lower bodies. "*Ich liebe dich!* (I love you)" he muttered.

I thought he smiled at me, then, though I still couldn't see him clearly enough to be sure. But his words - common enough, and used as frequently in his language as in my own - still hardened back in their alien form to the days when Kurt and Alfred had tutored me in German. It was a phrase from Goethe's famous poem, as well as the standard lovers' declaration. I responded with the lines that followed: "*Mich reizt dein schöne Gestalt, und bist du nicht willig so brauch ich Gewalt!*" I remembered how I'd translated this, and it now made both of us laugh . . . nervously, sharing a very personal secret. (I had defamed the great Germanic classicist by reading his words as: "I dig your groovy bod, and if you don't put out I'll rape you.")

"If you just hadn't left like you did," Kurt whispered

"I'm back now," I reminded him

He groaned softly, deep in his throat and kissed me again more gently this time. "Are you really back?" he asked

"What you feel is what you've got," I answered glily.

He gave me a final hug and glanced back at the opening. We are neglecting our duty," he remarked hoarsely.

Together, arms about each other's waist, we returned our attention to the scene below us. Alfred was still seated by the hearth; Bert and Edgar were poised above the bound, naked form of their prisoner. The blood still pounded in my ears, and the closeness to Kurt, the sudden breakthrough to our previous warmth of feeling, gave rise to an enormous rush of pleasure that completely dissipated the cautious reluctance I should have retained. In those moments I was riding a crest of awesome attraction which almost made me wonder if I really might be in love with Kurt.

His arm tightened again, pulling us more firmly together as we watched the others. A three-quarter leather hood had been placed over Jim's head, blocking his eyes and ears. Edgar held the stub of a fat red candle in his hand, moving it slowly along the length of the captive's body. Periodically, he allowed the molten wax to fall, striking Jim on the chest or groin, causing him to jump and pull at his restraints. Numerous splashes of red formed glowing islands of brilliance on my dark slacks, appearing like flecks of blood upon the golden alabaster of his skin. I could see knots of rawhide about Jim's genitals, forcing his rigid cock to project at an angle above the dark patch of pubic hair. It bobbed, now, from side to side with every wrenching attempt to pull away. . . . springy red restricted by its bonds, tossed by the violent motions. The strip of leather seemed to pass between his legs, under his crotch, and I assumed it was anchored about his neck. I could see a strand of rawhide pressed tightly against his throat, which seemed the natural terminus and would account for the other effects.

Edgar continued with the candle, drawing a regular pattern, eventually forming a pair of lines that started at either nipple and trailed across the tightly flexed muscles of Jim's chest and midsection, converging at the groin. Here the brittle collection of red formed a larger pool, and covered the crisp black hair; extended its rivulet fingers into the shadows between his legs. The guttering flame now hovered directly over the turgid, rearing shaft. Periodically he allowed a sizable flood to deluge again, striking the head and all along the underside. I could hear Jim's rasping intake of breath each time the hot mass struck him, watched the increasingly desperate lunges as he tried to avoid the searing sensation of liquid fire, rising in an arc above the stone when the fluid splattered upon his balls. Edgar placed one hand flat atop the captive's stomach, pushed him down and whispered something I couldn't hear. . . . calming his subject as he waited for the trembling and twisting to subside.

"Have you ever done that?" whispered Kurt.

"A couple of times," I told him. I remembered the one instance when it had been done to me, and how frightening it had been until I realized the wax would not really burn. Again, as I had earlier in the day, I found myself dwelling on my own responses to a particular scene and finding the recall more pleasurable than the actual event. Watching it done to Jim, however, was more exciting to me than either the personal reality or the visualized repetition. My identification was ambivalent. I thought; if I'd had my choice I would have taken Edgar's place, not Jim's. But there was still a vicarious thrill to my observation of the M's responses.

Abruptly, my introspective wanderings were interrupted as Kurt shifted his stance and twisted about to face me. He scooped me into the circle of his arms and locked us together in a frantic embrace. As before, I lost all semblance of rational control. All logical arguments against recommending our ill-fated relationship melted in the heat of his touch; every fiber of my mental and physical being responded to him. My hands clenched rationally upon the muscular planes of his back, sensed the lithesome power that swelled beneath the rough material of his shirt.

Kurt played the fingers of one hand against the back of my head, holding me so I could not break the contact of our lips. . . . had I harbored any desire to do so. His other arm passed about my waist, driving my loins into his. It was stark, animal passion, devoid of sentimental overtones. . . . but so demanding, so exquisite y matched to my own internal cravings, I responded with a hungry passion that fully matched my

partner's. I felt his hand slide off my ass and begin to work its way between us, long thick fingers probing the inside of my waistband. The palm faced outward from my straining midsection, so the back of his fingers grazed the burning surface of my skin. He touched my cockhead, where the desperate pressures had driven it to rise and thrust its length flat across my belly. . . . reaching out to him and answering his contact with a pulsing flood of sensation. He closed his fist about the shaft, squeezed it hard and twisted it until the swell of feeling made flecks of light and color flash against the sides of my eyelids.

We were so involved and lost in one another, we had completely forgotten the action in the chamber below us. How long we held together is hard to say, probably no more than a minute or two, but we might well have gone considerably longer had we not been jarrred back to reality by a sudden groan. The first thought to flash into my mind was that the ghost had appeared, and Kurt reacted as if he shared my fear. We turned quickly to peer down through the narrow orifice. Kurt's hand and wrist remaining entrapped by the pressure of my belt. As we survived the scene and realized that the sound had come from Jim, still blinded by the leather hood in capable of seeing or responding to any special presence, we both experienced a surge of guilt. Though Kurt's fingers held gently about my cock, occasional y kneading or stroking it, his attention now remained riveted on the floor of the vault.

Edgar had stepped around to the base of the stone table. He was leaning forward his body arched above the widespread division of his subject's legs. The placement of the braziers must have warmed the area considerably, as he had removed his jumpsuit and was now wearing just his unlaced boots and a black strap which appeared to be made of leather. His body was every bit as rugged and defined as I'd imagined, displayed now at its muscular best by the distension of leaning into empty air, traced only by the contact of his upper thighs against the edge of stone. He was holding the candle over Jim's groin again, directing the wax to strike the uncoated portions of cock and balls. Each time he did this, the prisoner winced and moaned, crying out more loud y when the candle was held lower, increasing the temperature of the glob which fell upon him. As he watched, Edgar completed his covering of the entire area, sealing it in a brilliant cocoon. In several places the hot wax had dribbled off the sides of the upturned column, forming stringy unions with the larger puddle underneath.

"He's a groovy S.O.B.," I whispered.

Kurt grunted softly. "He has many varied talents," he replied.

It suddenly occurred to me that Edgar had instigated nearly all the action up to this point, and I looked to see what Bert was doing. My uncle had not removed any of his clothes, was still wearing the faded jeans and black T-shirt. He was at the opposite end of the table from Edgar, also leaning over Jim, gently stroking his arms, whispering something to him. His face was placid, black curly hair still carefully arranged. . . . so Italian in appearance. I thought of my mother's joke about her younger brother, "Daddy always claimed Bertie was the milkman." Used to laugh and tell people that when he was in his cups. . . . made Mummy so furious! Whatever the genetic source, my uncle was a damned attractive man. Although I had accepted his untouchable status until my desire for him was sidetracked, the old yearning still seemed deep inside me. I suppressed it while I allowed the momentary lusts. . . . my attractions to Jim and Kurt. . . . Edgar. . . . to express themselves.

But watching him, I wondered why he had left it all to the other man, and the more I thought about it the more disappointed I became. I felt cheated, in a way, because I had anticipated this opportunity to observe him in action. Now he was taking a very passive part, was very much the junior S.

I was about to remark on this to Kurt, when my companion suddenly tensed. He yanked his hand free of my jeans and spun about, peering into the blackness of the corridor behind us. "Did you hear that?" he asked.

"Hear what? I didn't."

"Something moved back there," he insisted. He was half crouched, poised like a runner at the starting line. "Stay here

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I also like levis boots and 7 Am 5'9 well built male Asian An emperor does not expect to repeat an order neither do I If you are a guy interested in the S&M scene and like leather too let's get together Send a recent picture of yourself and a small introduction Box A51

ARRAGANT

smelly, abusive Master IW 32 5'11 186 lbs beard and his persona slave-dog and toilet (W 32 5'9 180 lbs beard) invite meetings and correspondence with pigs, latrines Toes, bottoms voyeurs, exhibitionists and adventures animals explore all extremes Box A66

Applications for full-time live-in slave now being accepted I am a 30-year-old, independent contractor bodybuilder, dominant and sadistic You are 20-30, submissive, honest not afraid of hard work long hours and heavy pain when deserved You tow the line and I'll treat you right Mail photo, list of experience and sincere request to 955 Oak St San Francisco CA 94117

EX-RANCH HAND

loves horseman cowboys troopers and deputy sheriffs with full dedication Corrals, stalls, tack rooms saddles, reinholds and ropes turn me on Greater SF Bay area/Monterey Bay area Willing to travel California & neighboring states Need stockade detention stake-out immobilization Over 32 years if you are in authority write with photo to Box 832

S.F. PENINSULA—Goodlooking young m 40s white, top man 5'9" 155 lbs. cut, seeks good looking well-built, masculine S/M, 27-40 for intense asshole sex (including FF)

Will also fuck your face use abusive language and experiment in water sports Prefer man who know skating or other constructive interests Could consider as a roommate Photo preferred Rep Box A50

LOS ANGELES dig thing you b balls and swallowing your hot cum Am 38, 5'7" 140 lbs 7' neat bod Will fulfill any fantasy Box 975

Mr. Businessman: BIGGER AND BETTER FOR '81!



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1981

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NOTE: CIRCULARS PLEASE CONTACT ME REGARDING ADVERTISEMENTS

GET THE JOB DONE

SAN JOSE, 54 5'2", 110 lbs., uncult 6' Virgo B and Hair, Blue eyes. I like the small and real feel of leather on my body. Not the big feeling of S&M. No drinking or smoking. Must wear leather. Lovers and boots. Write Box A82

SAN FRANCISCO Heavy tattooed. Ben Beard & Moustache. Live Western Oriented. W/M 50, 57, 134 lbs. 1 m. 7' Cui, Looking for mellow. Much dude 30 plus to ease him in. S&M Nothing heavy. Letter with Picture, detailing what you require appreciated. SRIH #1381

ORANGE COUNTY/LONG BEACH W/M 38, 62", 187 lbs. 7' Bearded. Heavy. Needs to correspond and/or meet someone to play with. Neepareded but willing to try most anything. Prefer Hot Horny unbridled dudes into sucking, fucking, verbal abuse, variety and Prolonged sessions. Frank letters and photo gets mine. Box 1435

LOS ANGELES White Male. Amiable. slave to be trained and broken as work-horse. Needs demanding male Master or Masters with facilities to use him as such on occasions. weekends leading to permanency. To be Stabed, Bitted, Harassed and worked under Reins and whip. Mature Submissives to all Demands. Box 1263

PALM SPRINGS, S&M, B&D, WS. with him 30, 6, 150 lbs. Blonde Top with good body will switch roles for right man. Will Travel. S. Cal Phone a must, Photo Appreciated. Box 1262

LOS ANGELES, Hot, Hunky Cow boy. blue eyes. Beard wants to start a Dido-Club. Interested dudes drop me a line and state sizes and interests. Box 1270

W/m, smooth, in hands of firm hand, guidance and training from mature. Heavy. Serious Master willing to consider. experienced unfulfilled. but needful. 31-year-old. My Master commands respect from his person not his brutality. Bay Area Only. Box A19

BALLS stripped, squeezed, give and receive. Correspond meet. Box B29

BIG WIDE OPEN ASSHOLE WANTED L.A. W/M, 31 5'11", 186 lbs. wants men with hot asshole into FF. Huge d. does punch fucking able to withstand several hours of heavy ass play. Serious men only. No J/O. Box 811

SANTA CRUZ Hot novice m wants to service cut blondes B&D, T, leather toys, shaving. I am w/m 30, 5'11", 150 lbs. handsome cut brown hair. blue eyes. horny, serious, playful and versatile. Box B75

HOTTEST ASS IN L.A. Hot adventurous bottom 30. Heavy, Horny, & high, into leather/Lewis & Toys. Gets it on with smooth Hot guys. Needs Topmen with class to plug this tight little ASS. Box 1252

BODYBUILDER 6', 195 lbs, 30, 30, 2 seeks similar partner. You will manage heavy weight workout gym in No Calif. Owned by me. Should be contest caliber or working towards same. Will help to relocate. Serious only. No bullshit. Photo required. Box 1274-GS

ANGELES, M goodlooking 25, 5'11", 147 lbs. enjoys giving pleasure being totally dominated by intelligent, strong stern topman familiar with positive character forming side of leather sex. Don't write unless you're able to gain control and keep it. In return receive my respect, devotion, have worship and full rights to my body. Box 1272

YOUNG MAN WANTED CHICO - Partnered a Young man as wanted in raising rabbits and exotic birds. As another partner in raising Orchids and exotic plants in solar green houses, and possibly a third partner in raising fish, sheep, pigs or goats. No experience or money necessary. Room and board included. Good mountain living on the river with fishing and hunting. Ernie 500 Nimsen Road, Chico CA 95926

LOVE TO EAT BUTT LOS ANGELES W-M 30. love to eat butt. Sex Enthusiast. You are 27-45. Maybe dark complexion. Box F486

MASCULINE S WANTED SAN FRANCISCO LIBRA M 50 W 5'8" 165 lbs. needs Master into Leather. Boots. Hoods. Heavy into bondage. S&M. Torture. Shaven. Perching. Whipping seeks masculine S. who knows what he wants and does it. Photo gets mine. SRIH Box 1357

ORANGE COUNTY Hot hung leather studs who want to bring hot blond blue eyed cowboy to his knees send photo, details to Box B85

ANY SERIOUS DISCIPLINE OF SATURN WANTED SAN FRANCISCO - Any serious disciple of saturn wanted by experienced w/m Master 49 5'11", 75 lbs. 6' Flat, Big-headed. C/P for ritual working out of each others needs. However unusual. Bernier 304 4373 San Francisco CA 94101

STRANGE MEAT SAN FRANCISCO W/M 30, 5'10", 185 lbs., 9" - Seeks Black Leather drink talkin, hard playin, bawdy drinkin, hardy laughin, ball stretchin, handy ropin, butt bustin, dude for rough fun. Photo required for response. Single men in San Francisco. Box 1487

TOTAL SLAVE BURBANK - Slave Denny will submit to bondage, whoop n growling, amputations and tits, shaving, photography for parties, groups or one Master. Phone (213) 846-9486. DANNY PAYNE, 241 East Alameda Ave., Burbank CA 91502

NOVICE BOXER ORANGE CA NOVICE BOXER into body punches, seeks guys to live out box n'g and other light fantasies. While 28 5'11", 145 lbs. White. Occupant 180 City Blvd. West Apt 4303 Orange, CA 92668

OLD MUG SHOP LONG BEACH CA specializing in customized and personalized goods and services. Club names, individual names, cartoon dates, any sports, motorcycles, boats, cars, you name it we can put it on a mug for your drinking enjoyment. \$4.00 and up. 826 Redondo Blvd. Long Beach, CA 90804 or call (213) 435-3085

SAN FRANCISCO RUBBER FAN W/M Late 40's 6' Very Mac into old style Police Fire & Workmen heavy black rubber wear seeks mature minded mac outdoor types any where. Free to fly or travel. Have camper motorcycle & gear. No S&M. Drugs or weeds but nice and clean guys welcome. Box 1472

THREE WAYS-GROUP SEX LOS ANGELES obedient slave and his MASTER looking for not Leather/Live and Uniform Studs into the three ways. Into group sex S&M B&D. Does Fast Fucking and other interests. We have the place. Explicit letter gets immediate response. Box 1469

YOUNG, SLIM, ANY RACE 18-30 Live in good mountain seclusion. River Swimming, Fishing, Hunting, etc. Room & Board Provided. W/M 42 into most scenes. Box 1466

NEW IN SAN FRANCISCO YOUNGISH B&D - Smart, cigar man. BOY - Trim. Cuts. Ass whipped. pushed. Fucked if good invited to breakfast. Box 1463

HOLLYWOOD BOTTOM, 24 136 lbs. White. Seeks knowledgeable partner 25-40 into B&D Light S&M Toys, etc. Want to try everything once, some more than once. Letters with photos answered first. Box 1462

CAPRICORN, 48 5'3", 145 lbs. 8' from one who will teach and train in Piercing. Box 1458

NOVICE SAN FRANCISCO 27 needs help learning the joys of S&M pleasure. Am 5'10" very hairy Husky build. 8 cut Novice. Want 25-35 experienced 5'10" or over caring patient. Teacher. Prefer Blond. Brown eyes. LEAH Box 1289

SAN JOSE - Looking for Leather Master into B&D and some light S&M. Im 30, 6'11", 160 lbs. DK Brn eyes & Slender in build. No Fats, studs, or Hard guys. Box B86

MAN EATING SLAVE SAN FRANCISCO Hot w/m 24 Will worship your ASS. Cock. Balls, Biceps. Nipples and Arm Pits with my HOT MOUTH. Also dig B&D. W/S Greek Peasate. Photo Appreciated. Greg Box 1501

COLORADO DENVER COWBOY needs Leather/Live Master P O Box 18599 Denver CO 80218

DENVER AREA Loves to be bottom in a "forms" of sex and enjoy it most out of doors. Am 33 5'6", 150 lbs. Well-built. man 26-45 who like head jobs and hard fucking. write Box A25. No fats.

DENVER, COLORADO W/M 45, 6', 175 lbs. Submissive Male seeks meetings with other males who enjoy Bondage. Race and age unimportant. I have a desire to please. No drugs or pain, will answer all who send picture and phone number. Box 1409

Colorado Cowboy Goodlooking athletic, 25, brown hair blue eyes, seeks macho cigar smoker. I've got a hairy butt that needs you Box 542

PLEASE REMEMBER NEW POSTAGE RATES

CONNECTICUT NEW HAVEN 20, 6' 170 lbs. Br/B beard seeks introduction, guidance to rubber scenes. Prefer older bearded paunchy avuncular. Correspondents only okay complete discretion. Box X1310

SM, 45, 6'3", 190 lbs. 8' cut will used ass looking for la. well built, well hung studs. Box 965

RASSLIN' Young hot stud 5'7 140 lbs. ass seeks for race in. Box B28

EXPERIENCED LEATHER MASTER Looking for Leather Live S&M slaves. Those who want a dominant Master into Leather Bondage and many other interesting sexual scenes. Send me your application. Acceptable applicants will be invited to explore new adventures. If you are experienced send me your application also. Box 437

STAMFORD S with bull whip requires total obedience. Have 9" to force feed your mouth or ass. Only interested in real men over 20. Only 5'9"

MUSCLEMEN ONLY HANDSOME broad shouldered hairy men with large biceps and hard pecs up for wrestling, massage and friendship. w/m good looking bright young man with slim semi-muscular tight body. Will travel. Box 504 Orange St. New Haven, CT 06511

HARTFORD GWM 6'11", 165 lbs. 18 and 30's motivated into making cruciated jeans, hairy armpits, titts, fleshy navels and cut cocks. Can travel. Big beefy guys a plus. No S&M drugs or weardos. Box 1472

S.M. 5'11", 180 lbs. husky hairy 8' cut. masculine firm, seeks (B&D) 18-35, who's a sm or much, into bondage and d. top the boys willing to serve and obey. Box 257

SOUTHERN CONN MASCULINE HOT AND HORNY W/M 42 5'10" Good body 162 lbs. with J/NCUT into motorcycles, boots and really hot sessions. Mostly MASTER but can switch with right person. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 1477

HARTFORD, 35 W/M 5'6 135 lbs. seeks w/m, any age for later/sex type discipline. Make me submit to bare-assed spankings around your knee with strap or paddle. Box 1417

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

NEED TO BE CONTROLLED? 5'6 5'8 5'9 5'10 5'11 6' 6'1 6'2 6'3 6'4 6'5 6'6 6'7 6'8 6'9 6'10 6'11 7' 7'1 7'2 7'3 7'4 7'5 7'6 7'7 7'8 7'9 7'10 7'11 8' 8'1 8'2 8'3 8'4 8'5 8'6 8'7 8'8 8'9 8'10 8'11 9' 9'1 9'2 9'3 9'4 9'5 9'6 9'7 9'8 9'9 9'10 9'11 10' 10'1 10'2 10'3 10'4 10'5 10'6 10'7 10'8 10'9 10'10 10'11 11' 11'1 11'2 11'3 11'4 11'5 11'6 11'7 11'8 11'9 11'10 11'11 12' 12'1 12'2 12'3 12'4 12'5 12'6 12'7 12'8 12'9 12'10 12'11 13' 13'1 13'2 13'3 13'4 13'5 13'6 13'7 13'8 13'9 13'10 13'11 14' 14'1 14'2 14'3 14'4 14'5 14'6 14'7 14'8 14'9 14'10 14'11 15' 15'1 15'2 15'3 15'4 15'5 15'6 15'7 15'8 15'9 15'10 15'11 16' 16'1 16'2 16'3 16'4 16'5 16'6 16'7 16'8 16'9 16'10 16'11 17' 17'1 17'2 17'3 17'4 17'5 17'6 17'7 17'8 17'9 17'10 17'11 18' 18'1 18'2 18'3 18'4 18'5 18'6 18'7 18'8 18'9 18'10 18'11 19' 19'1 19'2 19'3 19'4 19'5 19'6 19'7 19'8 19'9 19'10 19'11 20' 20'1 20'2 20'3 20'4 20'5 20'6 20'7 20'8 20'9 20'10 20'11 21' 21'1 21'2 21'3 21'4 21'5 21'6 21'7 21'8 21'9 21'10 21'11 22' 22'1 22'2 22'3 22'4 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CHICAGO—White 34 5'6" 140 lbs. Cock Top wants other tops or aggressive bottoms for extended multi-scene Action sucking, fucking, fucking, Jacks, JO W/S, Fell Fucking and Ball Work More body HAIR ne better Letters with photos gets same pronto Box 1460

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS M 49 5'10" 170 lbs. 84" w/ tat. inexperienced but I make up in obedience while I sex in experience. Seeks sincere, understanding and knowledgeable Master to bring out the best in me. Will try anything once. Can travel to surrounding states. No blood and no scal. Photo please Box 833

GENERAL MAN WANTED

Back male 22 5'11" 138 smooth body bright nice looking sincere guy seeks generous man capable of communication. I am on 609-447-7511. Photo on request. Box 1460

CHICAGO—White 34 5'6" 140 lbs. Cock Top wants other tops or aggressive bottoms for extended multi-scene Action sucking, fucking, fucking, Jacks, JO W/S, Fell Fucking and Ball Work More body HAIR ne better Letters with photos gets same pronto Box 1460

TRAINING

Mainly experienced MASTER 40, 5'11" 160 lbs lean muscular will run Young novice trainees I administer discipline in form but caring way. Reply only I you are serious and can come here Box 15524 Fort Wayne IN 46805

EVANSVILLE W/M 30 5'1" 75 lbs. 84" w/ tat. nd hairy Seeking big, dominant looking Body Master and body contact Box 1254

LOWA

IOWA MASTER, 6 lean white seeks permanent slave for complete physical & mental training naked bondage & submission. Must be lean or muscular, hairless, no body and ready for slavery in mind. Send photo application & phone to Box 979

DES MOINES—TWO MEN, Mid 30's Seeking three-ways and group. Willing to try anything once. State interested. Photo preferred. Write J P O Box 4675 Des Moines Iowa 50306

IOWA SLAVE AVAILABLE

Young slave 21 6' 155 lbs. considering good looking. Need of training from dominant man any age. B&D S&M W/S Am receptive and obedient Box 1485

KANSAS

STOCKING FOOT Fetish

KANSAS CITY MO AREA, GWM 42 155 lbs. Brn/Bn, Wants to worship your feet into mutual JO Box 1482

KANSAS CITY MASTER, Affectionate Scorpio uncultured 5'8" 145 solid, pretty smart, cum white 20-40 Greek pass w/ Fr w/p. Live in lower state who needs to be owned, possessed for permanent real onship—with no hang ups. Respect him to Box 1316

FOOT WORSHIPPING

KANSAS LEATHER AROMA of a guy's STOCKING FEET, K C MO, 42 155 lbs. Brn/Bn, Wants to worship your feet. Into mutual JO Box 1481

ANSWERING AN AD?

See instructions on the first page of this section

KENTUCKY

MASTER SECKS SLAVE

Lexington S 38 5'11" 175 lbs. experienced in all scenes. All limits considered. M have him body and have your head on if you are ready write now Box 986 Lexington KY 40586

LOUISIANA

MONROE, 33 white, 6' 175 lbs., seeks w/m 25-40 Am primarily M into faster son type discipline with bondage. Will assume S role for proper M Box 332

LOVE TO MAKE LOVE

HAMMOND W/M College Student, 21 6' 175 lbs. Can travel to New Orleans or Baton Rouge on Weekends. Love to make love I'm your man would like also to explore S&M with experienced personnel if you are sincere honest and a human being, write me, including photo. No feds, lems or blacks Box 3086 SLU Hammond LA 70402. Response promised

MAINE

Have a Fantasy?

Want 1 to come true? Two bearded dudes from northern Maine woods into 1 scenes groups FF W/S JO it and b&f torture bondage voyeurism smokes and broms, ready for not to play action. Come wait writer or call. Your photo gets ours. Les Quebecois sont sérieux les bienvenus Box 796

PORTLAND SM couple seeks third or other couple in Portland ME. Master is 6'11" slim, uncut and demanding. Slave is 5'10" cut and pierced Box 1329

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE ANNAPOLIS AREA S 38 5'10" 170 lbs. Bearded hung goodlooking firm but understanding. Seeks slaves for long sexual sessions in equipped den. All scenes other tops welcome to share's joys. Letters with photo gets answered Box 1410

White male 45 5' 160 lbs. Bottom looking for top No scal FF or dope. All else ok Blacks or whites Max Gerison 9 Manchester Place Silver Spring MD 20901

BALTIMORE or Washington DC Area SM (active role) into L/L W/S CBT/T BAD strap. FFA no scal. Apply with picture stating desires. Frequent visitor to Chicago LA SF Box 855

NOVIE

BALTIMORE AREA M 5'11", 180 lbs., 6' cut, seeks sincere understanding, experienced and knowledgeable master to bring out ability to serve. Am willing obedient and eager to learn. Some US travel Box 125

HAGERSTOWN W/M 35 6'1" 170 lbs. bodybuilder looking for other male to well-b&f. It bodies. Must be totally male Box 36

BALTIMORE AREA M 5'8" 160 lbs. interested in meeting locals or in general for active relationship. Into most anything. No feds, lems, beards, moustaches a plus. hairy body a plus. Must have intelligence and ability to swing both ways. Willing to bring out and teach. Box 855

RUNNER/BODY BUILDER

DC-MD-WA 37, 5'11" 160 30 waist. Rugged well-built lean muscular defined together feeling human. Interested in similar minded male and one type only S&M if erotic. Photo exchanged JO Box 45029 Ft. Wash PO OXon Hill MD 20022

MASSACHUSETTS

BI-WHITE SLAVE

31 will serve! All Cup poppers jocks, groups NO FF or scal. Write Boxholder Box 683 Methuen MA 01844

HIDE TANNING

NEW ENGLAND NY W/M 5'8" 140 lbs. seeks to hear from you if you need to have your hide tanned and attended to. Disciplined and understanding. A so seek contact w/ in other tanners in search of new hide Box 1407

CAPE CODE S, 52, 6, Taurus 2001 well muscled tuff, uncult into B&D W/S shaving FF and all kinds of and enlery anemas and other spots. Seeks white slave 18-40 totally submissive for prolonged long-term service. No drugs, tats, or feds. Must be able to endure model w/ to heavy pain, ball torture w/ to heavy, prolonged immobilization, but abuse body whipping. No cry-babies, solies or thul's seeks need apply I am looking for a serious slave who craves punishment, humiliation and expects nothing but pain, discomfort and discomfort in return. Box 790

EXPERIENCED TOPMAN

46 5'9" 180 lbs. seeks L/L partners over 25. Beards or moustaches a plus Box 721

BOSTON, Bearded w/m mid-30s, vorstale and imaginative 5'9" 155 lbs. uncult hairy body turned on by fr work, was ass work and foot work. Seeks man of same interests. Writing to respond Box 840

REAL SLAVE

M 29 GOODLOOKING needs serious Handsome MASTER desiring to own a slave dog as his property and for his pleasure. Box 1256

G. W/M, 55, 6", 175 lbs., Full head of Grey hair loves to both give and receive large throes to four over time scenes. Also greek passive and like to have a fist up my ass. I want to meet like minded men over 40 any race & Box 1415

BOSTON & NE AREA M 33 5'8" brown hair & eyes SIR I wish to serve erotic Leather Man as his slave in Leather bondage with collars, hoods, C&B W/S, serving your needs desires & expanding my limits. No heavy S&M FF Shaving, Piercing scal. Sir thank you for your consideration Box 1431

YOUNG ATTRACTIVE REASONABLY SANE GAY MAN, Would like to meet other Master/slave who has enough confidence in himself not to need toys all the time. However since we can I always get what we want I settle for Hot one nighters. P O Box 426 Bay Areas Boston, Mass 02116

NOVICE, Voyeur looking for involvement w/m 40, 6'1" 180 lbs. needs well-built Master to train my yearnings to serve and be freed of inhibitions. Must be tough and gentle, into leather or tight levis. Need thick. Bondage I'm a challenge, but sure to be a winner. Picture appreciated. Box 4476

BOSTON PISS

FREAKS WANTED BY BEARDED W/M 30 6'2" 185 lbs. 7' w/ Cut. Full of warm beer for mutual tit work 1489

MICHIGAN

DETROIT W/M 47 5'8" 175 lbs. SM B&D Solid and very hairy at over Bottom/passive for lots of bondage. Particularly enjoy dildos and gags, p.s. cell-s and barns on bondage like grass poppers etc. uncut. I do Greek or french air. A kinds of feet shoes. No scal and sometimes piss. No smokers and right or naked. I have lots of toys and can entertain and welcome visitors especially from out of state. A races & base. S's. Chain me up and rape my ass or gang bang me. Box 1290

DETROIT White hard-muscled top stud 33 5'9" 155 lbs., looking for slave under 40, love/bottom to serve me. Will make me feel dirty and sessions with bitch slave. 22. Let's tell his tight buns, I'd him at both ends, soak him in p.s. and, on a beer as he worships our bodies in gratitude. Have slave also need equipment for voyeuristic camera man. Photos exchanged returned. Box 689

BARN BOY NEEDS FARM KEE ADONIS 62", 190 lbs. white smooth skin. I body seeks keep him handsome farmer or rancher in exchange for labor. Some farm experience. Will go anywhere. Disc of restraints, hard dirty work, ragged clothes, gruel, filthy quarters sought. Box 1377

METRO DETROIT Hot bearded top wants quality hot bottom for DRUMMER type scenes. I'm 31 5'10" 155 lbs. 6' cut. Experienced. You must be able to take and ready to please and serve me. Role switching possible for night stud. Box 1402

MICHIGAN BI-MARRIED MEN Support/Social Group Detroit/Pontiac area educated responsible sincere, husbands/fathers, to form a close relationship with sim or guys. Confidentially discuss needs and expected. Send info request for personal contact to P O Box 624 Pontiac MI 48064

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING White male 26 6' 180 lbs 6", into oral service. Western types feel will be to be to be. W-endowed. Mastin 18 33" White Slave, P O Box 123 Roseville, MI 48066. Photos answered list. White or Black

INTIMATE FRIENDSHIP P W/M, 6' 170 lbs. handsome v-line hung married educated professional seeks sim or area guys (Detroit) for mutual stimulation and/or body-to-body versatile. No feds, lems. S&M kinky. Send info description photo to Box 624 Pontiac MI 48066 with SASE

TAYLOR MS, Capricorn, 24 5'10", 165 lbs. white B's novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master total to Box 261

ROCHESTER, 5 6' 5'10" 180 lbs. white 6' firm Master well equipped. Dildo on seats obedient slaves. Willing to train submissive novices into S&M B&D W/S and more. Write Robert 1030 Adams Road South Rochester MI 48053

MASTER understands your needs. Time for talk and time for action. Thumb area professional. Mich. Jan Protractor Box 104, Cass City, MI 48726

AKRON AREA, GWM, 55, 6'1", 190 lbs. Trim muscular, hairy desires relationship with similar Macho type. Enjoy sports, music, travel active/P. Active French or Greek. Affectionate & loving. Frank Russo, 4272 Leewood Rd. Stow Ohio 44224 or call 866-8164 6-10 p.m. or weekends till 11 p.m. Help right guy relocate. Over 40 please

CINCINNATI, MS/SM Prides, 26, 6'1", 165 lbs. white, 6, novice into light seeks mutual satisfaction with friend/brother/lover 18-40 into light S&M no fags, fms. Box A79

CLEVELAND, MS, 26, 6', 170 lbs. swimmer's build. Did you like kayaking cowboys and andlers as a kid? Still do—I'm into wrestling being captured and tied up to please my captor. If you like games write to Box 2 182 Cleveland OH 44114

COLUMBUS SM, 34, 6'1", 190 lbs. white, 6, black, dancer/lover. Mutual satisfaction for macho sincere straight-appearing butch types no fags fms snobs chicken. Box 365

DAYTON 5, 35, 5'11", 155 lbs. looking for part-time slave/houseboy. Pay considered for the right guy who is as willing to work as play. Good-looking demanding considerate master. The slave should have average looks be under 30 and into the

HOT HORNY MASTER

Goodlooking, heavy set Master 30 seeks slaves under 35 for training and punishment. Write respected and expanded. Box 11

COLUMBUS SM, 34, 6'1", 190 lbs. white, 6, black, dancer/lover. Mutual satisfaction for macho sincere straight-appearing butch types no fags fms snobs chicken. Box 365

COLUMBUS M, 34, 6'1", 190 lbs. white, 6, black, dancer/lover. Mutual satisfaction for macho sincere straight-appearing butch types no fags fms snobs chicken. Box 365

CINCINNATI W/M, 33, 180 lbs. or there by eyes beard would like to meet guys 18-34, straight acting like m&S bowling, waxing in the woods, movies, nudist action. NO B&D S&M Muck, 11388 Lebanon Rd., Cincinnati OH 45241 (Box 17)

BOOT FETISHISTS

Would like to meet and/or correspond with men into BOOT WORSHIP. Box 1478

SIRI W/M's 33, 5'11", 175 lbs. 7' tall, new to scene seeks experienced Master for training. Box B24

OKLAHOMA

STILLWATER, 38, 5'9", 190 lbs. uncult, ex-police looking for other officers and ex-officers into policing, police leathers, uniforms, hog-phaopers and cycle cops as a lifestyle. No fakes overly fat fags or drugs. Discreet. Box 885

MOUTH JOCK

A unique trip. Let your big soft cock and balls be strapped into my sensuous mouth pouch! Hunky cowboy 33, 5'2", solid body, 7, 100 lbs. balls into western wear, military police uniforms. Athletes seeks men with similar interests. Box 18441 Oklahoma City OK 73154

DRUMMER 64

OKLA CITY SM, White, 43, 170 lbs. 5'10", good muscles. Seeks willing hot men to 45 eager to experiment. All scenes considered with limits respected. Am eager to learn and teach. Prefer top but can be willing bottom. Beginners welcome. Discreet. No fags, reply with photo. Box A53

OREGON

VERSATILE Top & Bottom man seeks GR A/P, FR A/P in levis & boots. Buyers in leather okay too. No S&M drugs, smokers. Enjoy wide variety of experiences but no painful or excessively kinky activities. I am in 40s, hung, d-screet and affectionate. If you feel for life I lust for you. Box A24

HOT COP

Wanted by handsome, unruly fugitive 31, 150 lbs. 5'7. Dave Box 998 Beaverton OR 97007

Portland bottom seeks dominant aggressive top. Dig ass beating humiliation play. Training, toys. Little kinky scenes. Am 31 & 2, 185 lbs. goodlooking. Box 624

SALEM, 43, E 190 lbs. Seeks younger submissive slim Salem area male for obedience training. Seagay eagles warning. Lidcock ball work. Prefer novice. Box 1325

PORTLAND PIG

Harry M 22, 5'10", 170 lbs. wants aggressive top to help expand my limits into W/S FF. Toys and want to hear from you. Box 1336

PORTLAND HARD OWNER w/m 40, into boots breeches leather rubber wants to meet other big b'skers within 600 miles of Portland. Box 1328

W/M 24, NEED MY ASS warmed up real good. Turn me over your knee and spank me with your hand or feed me over a chair or on the bed and let me know what it's like. Box 1336

W/M, 5'10", 140 lbs. Goodlooking 7. Wants body contact, mental domination from hunky aggressive top who will expand my limits. Box 1

PORTLAND BOTTOM, s&nd bearded cuddler 37 seeks an s&nd topman sensualist creative into knots oil, many trips. Box B77

W/M 40, 6'0", 180 lbs. 6" into bondage cock/ball/tail/torso. Box A58

PORTLAND BOTTOM, s&nd bearded cuddler 37 seeks an s&nd topman sensualist creative into knots. O.I. Many Trips. Box 1259

PENNSYLVANIA

ANYONE WHO HAS WRITTEN TO BOX 862, and has not received an answer is ordered to re-submit to Master's Company Box 1448 Scranton PA 18510

MUSCULAR & MASCULINE S

30 6'1" 200 lbs. 8" cut seeks instrument of suffering and service. You are a muscular s&nd ght appearing M who needs to submit to the abuse w control of an understanding but s&nd and imaginative Master. Send your letter of submiss on with Photo to Masters Company Box 1448 Scranton PA 18510

FOOT SERVICE

I know how to please 5'6", 32 140 lbs. w/m with worn p your feet. Moustache a plus, beard. O.K. Box 705

Continued on p. 71

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DRUM



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YEAH, I'M THE
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A JOB?

WHAT
CAN YOU
DO?

HOW
ABOUT...

ARE YOU
THE GUY WHO
DOES THE
HIRING?

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...THIS...



AND



THIS!



...AND THIS!

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HIRED!

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All magazines have readers who vary in loyalty to their favorite periodicals. If they remember to, some readers will look through the current issue at the stand or store and if there is something that interests them, will pick up a copy. The trouble with some gay magazines is that they can be read completely right at the newsstand in a matter of minutes. Other readers will trade off one magazine for another with their friends to save on what the cost of magazines is these days.

However, there are some publications that have such a loyal following that they frequently prompt a visit to their bookstore and demand the new issue, arriving hot off the press and available. We know because we get calls from newsstands and bookstores all over the country. We also get long distance calls from readers complaining that their dealer is out and wanting to know where else they can pick up the new DRUMMER. Now THAT'S loyalty.

DRUMMER has never pretended to be anything it isn't nor has it ever been merely a copy of something else. It is unique and so is its readership.

No matter what anyone else is asking them for, most of the back issues of DRUMMER are still available from us at their original cover price. Issues 1, 2, 4, 5, and 21 are sold out. Up to issue 20 the price is \$2.50, through issue 29 the price is \$3.50, after that it is \$3.50. And \$10 for postage for each magazine order, some of the copies are selling very scarce.



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State Zip

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MACH

THE SIX DOLLAR
MAGAZINE



TOUGH CUSTOMERS



JACK OFF EXPERT

If you can get into prolonged visual and verbal JO with an intense stud attitude, write to Rick Pollack, Box 5038, Chicago, IL 60680

Drummer's Tough Customers are just what the name implies, ready and willing — but hard to please tops and bottoms. And there's nothing as upfront as a Drummer man, right? That's why these studs are here, to show you what they've got and to see if you're man enough to handle it. Want to join them? Then let's see what you've got, stud. Send your black and white photos to: Tough Customers, c/o Drummer, 15 Harriet St., San Francisco, CA 94103. If it's good enough, you'll see it here. Photos cannot be returned.



CANADIAN STUFF

Leather Fraternity member No. 1397 shows his stuff to potential tough dudes interested in looking up his listing in Drumbeats.

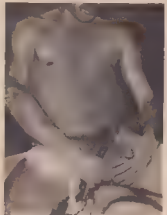
NEW ENGLAND LEATHER

Master, 29, 5'8½", 149 lbs., 6", weightlifter, hot body, hairy chest, seeks true leather-clad slave into all or most scenes. Box S-294, South Attleboro, MA 02703.



FRESH BRAND

And newly pierced tits mean this slave is ready for more. B. Ambelang, 1131 No. 37th Street, Milwaukee, WI 53208



COPENHAGEN COP

Police officer/Army officer, 31, masculine and uncult seeks friends in L.A. and S.F. for May/June 1981 vacation. I'm active — and you are masculine and in uniform. No SM. Bo Sanding, c/o B. Boesen, Kirstinegade 9 (2. tv.), DK-2100 Copenhagen O, DENMARK.

CASTRO STATION



456 Castro

A Leather/Levi Bar

PHILADELPHIA, S 27' 8 1/2", 215 lbs., slave looking for ass action. No boot worship and plenty of cock. Notice ok, but must be willing to expend limits. Submit w/letter and photo a must. Box A80

Imitate me into the ritual of your fantasy. Slings me up in bondage, please. Dog me, tortura me, torture my tits/cock/balls. I'll my ass, piss in my face, let me suck your sweaty pits and worship-p your body-your cock, balls tits, ass, feet I am 8' 160 lbs., lean, w/trim beard and mustache. Respect my limits while you expand them. Not into scat. Box 472

SCANTON, M. Gemini, white, 47' 58", 154 lbs., 6' tall, very nice. seeks understanding affectionate Master (any age) who will respect and expand limits. Am adventurous and pretty shy. Any race okay. Box 96

PHILADELPHIA, S Aquarius, 48' 59", 185 lbs, white, 7' tall. Inexpensive Master recu rate to 50. Please for 35 into S&M B&D W/S V/A. I am a lt work. Notice acceptable. Limits respected/expanded. Apply with respectful letter, photo & phone to P.O. Box 11095 Philadelphia, PA 19141 or DR_MMR Box 209

ITALIAN FUCKMASTER
WANTED BY
Handsome 40' 4" M, 140 lbs, 5'11", 170 lbs., with light muscular. As needs super built, super Italian Slave to 50. Please or S Jersey B/C/O Box 137 2039 Walnut Street, Phila PA 19103

ATTENTION
TRUCKERS ON STOPOVERS
Attr 35m w/m, 24" 9", 140 lbs. V/A, g/c complete, train to masculine man with B+plus cocks; w/ll have S & P A to meet. Appropriate photo description and details. Photos returned. Write P.O. Box 362 Reading PA 19603 Ages 18-35

WILKES BARRE, S Cancer, 43' 6' 170 lbs., White. Military Penial discipline over 20 years military experience. Seeks prisoners for steel bondage cells cages heavy physical exercise, hard labor in chains, interrogation. Scene is of primary importance. Limits observed. beginners trained. No fems. lats Box 055

PHILADELPHIA
LEATHER MASTER
40s W/M 5'9" 165 lbs. masculine & hung requires w/m slave 21-35 into S&M B&D W/S. Novices acceptable. Limits respected/expanded. Apply with respectful letter, photo & phone number. P.O. Box 11095 Phila PA 19141

PHILADELPHIA, M Cancer, 43' 6' 210 lbs, white, 7' -dark no last mas. caine slave w/letter with 48" chest 34 waist. Bondage (steel and leather and other experiences with clean masculine S desired. Box 023

PHILADELPHIA, S, Virgo/Scorpio 42, 57", 160 lbs. White, 7' knowledgeable Italian stallion muscular and hairy experienced to understand limits n/p lates. Master seeks masculine obedient slave to serve his boots, leather and chains with train up to 35 in S&M B&D W/S ca nubile and western. Leather, toys. Send letter of subm sation with photo and phone. No bullsh! Box

HARRISBURG, M 160 lbs 28 white slave looking for master 21-45 no fakes, farts, fems, ugllys into W/S B&D kick straps, torn pants verbal humiliation public work-p. Make me your dog with collar and leash. I w/obey or else. Will go into Philadelphia, Baltimore or DC Box 939

PITTSBURGH, S 44 w/m, 6' 185 lbs. hairy chest 7' tall, 8 year USMC into B&D leather levis. Wants masculine stud who understands submission and service willing to give his body for my pleasure. Box 63

PITTSBURGH AREA MASTER
45' 58", 155 lbs., eager smoker, full leather requires submissive slave under 6' Fully equipped dungeon. Hot heavy scenes. Want real submissive men, no phones lats fems. Young novices considered for permanent/slave training. You are ordered to send photo and letter of submission to Master. Bots Box 534 New Kensington, PA 15068

BRIDGE ISLAND
NEW ENGLAND LEATHER MASTER, Late twenties 5'8" 145 lbs. W/M. I want leather cocks and body seeks TRUE Leather Clad Slave into all (or most) scenes, no scat. Send letter of submission, photo exchange necessary. Box 5294 S Attleboro Mass 02703

MASS
Providence—Attractive man 28' 5'11" 180 lbs. with light body seeks others to age 35 for mutual W/S like hairy legs, moustaches, beards. Also would like to correspond with others in water sports nationwide. Photo if possible. Box 1492

SOUTH CAROLINA
SUGGESTIONS SIR?
28' 6' 170 lbs. Brn/Gn, 6" Inexp but eager to learn. Have lates as for 1001 nights. Box 1408

M, 25, white 5'10" 145 lbs, into flogging and lat-fucking (receiving) only. S&M (whipping, lat & ball for tie bondage (spread-eagling gags) domination verbal abuse, leather levis, boots. Seeks meting ngs correspondence with aggressive Tops. Masters in USA, Europe. Canada. Australa. Box 266

TENNESSEE, Long lean b-seas stud digs other shvt-together men who know what they like and have balls enough to ask for it. Am tired of quick sex and bull shit. Dig old fashioned hands-on man to man sex. When two men respect trust in each other, they can have with each other anything goes. A man should give me what a woman cannot man smelt. Man tastes and good deep man sounds. Like it long and slow with an honest buddy who knows he needs his mind and soul fucked more than his body. It's plain good to proudly share what you have with a man worthy of it. Prefer and like me, with long hanging balls. If 41 years, 6 feet 155 lbs. 7 1/2" greying black hair beard. Moustache sounds good to you, get in touch. Am planning a West Coast trip the summer of 1981. Box 81

ANSWERING AN AD?
See instructions on the first page of this section

TEXAS

DIG I O
Hard, lean, long-haired blonde 6'10" 155 lbs. the 24 digs hot y/o and body looking. Digs cum shot all over ass. Also dig on mutual ass-eating and long slippery make-out sessions. Hard young (over 18) needs only one who dig T/W 4000 Hwy 365 No 231 Port Arthur TX 77640

BEAUMONT Young w/m, 6'2", 30, blond hair blue eyes. Greek passion. French active, wants to meet sincere masculine top man for possible relationship. Must be 30-45, honest, sincere, and trusting. Am willing to go into B&D and spankings. Please write to Jon 6370 College No 4, Beaumont TX 77707. Please include photo if possible.

EAGER TO LEARN
HOUSTON area w/m 32' 59" 150 lbs., willing to do anything for someone who will teach and train. Like moustaches, trimmed beards, hairy chests and legs. Box 386

DALLAS COMPLETE MASTER
36' 6" 165 lbs. sensational fast fucker, insatiable big cock, flexible. I will be a good ass give. I work 9-5 and want a lifetime in S&M Box 475

DALLAS 58' 150 lbs. 27 years old likes to be wrestled down, roped and gagged by muscular captor for total total prolonged bondage and forced to submit. Can reverse roles. Box 734 HOUSTON

MASTER, 45, w/m 5'11", 175 lbs. gentle but firm, accepting, apply ca. Note: Slave you must be masculine, well-proportioned, obedient, willing to serve. Inexperience OK, you will be trained. Reasonable limits respected. Write sincere confidence. Ask what questions you have NOW. Include photo. Permanent live-in possible if I can travel. Box 633

AUSTIN, W-M, 36' 58" 145 lbs. bearded into c/v uncult. light S&M L/L (jockstraps, gym shorts, FF ball kicking, dildos, total ass involve ment) Will try uniform, W/S. B&D slave role. No lats fems, scat, blood, torture, or marks. Can be Top bottom, mutual. Photo phone gags immediate reply. Box 751

DALLAS 41 and out for kinky fun. Top guy 5'9", 130 lbs., nice looking, no scat, no farts, but lots of c/b tit and ass play. Into spanking bondage and w/s. Enclose photo 18 to 45 white only. Box 987

COWBOY MASTER
W/M 24 170 lbs. looking for slaves into heavy B&D W/S C/B boot worship or anything else I order. Applicant's writing photo will be considered. Box A17

HUNKY ORIENTAL, 27, seeks a slave or Master into petting, bondage, shaving, ball play and more. Must be muscular and hairy. Send photo. Box 864

NEED A SHAVE & A HAIR CUT?
25, 6', 165 lbs. W/M looking for a furry male animal that needs shearing from top to bottom. You will be shaved (if necessary) and worked over with scissors, clippers, & a razor to be loved with an oil rub-down. Long haired and/or bearded skin preferred. I interested write P.O. Box 12874 San Antonio, Texas 78212

FT. WORTH, SM, 47' 62", 135 lbs., 7' uncut German Aquarius s looking for slave. Should be knowledgeable, clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots and leather. Not into FF scat. w/s Box 0580

BEVILUE Good top looking for good bottom. Masculine S, w/m 36' 5'10", 150 lbs. Bearded hairy muscular. Like my week-end slave. I enjoy remote weekend camping trips. I have a wheel drive & boat. You must be 18-40, submissive, slender. Lets find out what turns your lights on. Box 1317

CHAIN GANG
Need a rough and raunchy dude to make me think chain gang fantasy. Force hard labor, rough treatment, dirt, strict discipline. Like to hear real experiences of work gangs, etc. Delave and photo gals mine. Can travel. Box 1314

DALLAS-SUBMISSIVE, hot. Thirty guy seeks me into piss, y/o spit, anal sex, dirty, dirty fantasies. Enc. one phone number. Box 1376

DALLAS W/M 41' 6' 15' 18, cock, mid 40s. Seeking dudes into mutual give and take working over cock tits balls asho as with leather chains, jocks, etc. Need hot cowboys and lats. No lats fems. Eager to explore. Box 1374

TURNED OUT
TEXAS DESIRE TO CORRESPOND WITH YOUNG INMATES WHO were turned out in jail or prison and who are willing to write about their sexual experiences but find it hard to find an event and events following the turn out. Will answer all letters promptly. Box 1494

MASTER STUD WANTED
HOUSTON 6 ave needs kind, young, tall, well hung Mr. BENSON type. Am willing to serve the night one (25-40) can do much. I enjoy it. Please allow me to suck, fuck, drink, jss and more. A be photo. Box 1494

TEXAS CENTAUR W/M 34, 19' 6" 5'11", wants very much to hear from mounted Police and Motorcycle Police. Also would like to hear from other uniformed d/c in State Troopers. Also other men, who love Horses. Tail boots and an unfems Slave. P.O. Box 2683, Fort Worth Texas 76113

GRAHAM 26' 59" 140 lbs. Bottom needs playmate(s) or Pen Pal(s). Interests W/S FF, C/B B/D and Toys. One Good Photo deserves another. Box 1440

HOUSTON, EAGER PUPIL OF S&M, B/D, W/S, leather. Body Shaving, Am 57", 140 lbs. 42 Seeks firm gentle knowledgeable Teacher. I am a Master. Small endowment but large desire an capacity to Learn. Service Pleasure and obedience. Box 1336

EL PASO—Looking for versatile partner for prolonged bondage medium to heavy S&M shaving water sports. Should be masculine both attitude and appearance. Will assume either role for the right partner. Box 255

DALLAS/FT WORTH, Spankings ven or Received by T.A student w/m 27' 5'11" 150 lbs. saddle or cane. Send descriptive letter & Photo if possible. Box 1257

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VIRGINIA

W/M, 45, 6'2", 190 lbs looking for Black Master am French/cr, Greek p. Want B&D WS and the chance to spend for you and your Black buddies Box 1404

LEO—43, 165 lbs. DA Blondie, DA blue eyes Ruddy tough beer drinking cigar smoker ex-cycle cop, into tall boots cycle cop uni forms—breaches motorcycles (Harley) horses leather Leds Western and English riding gear. Barn and cut door scenes. Kinky wild fun Get off with a cigar mud, axle grease, was chains spurn, lites, spitting, drinking piss from boots and the mets Turned out to truckers taking cum from 18 wheeler gas tanks and wheels, and dials and boots J/O on boots dig rips, crops, ropes, Tattoos, jack room and still scenes smyl smoke? cut SS types Travel USA photo and phone gets first answers Write bookholder P.O. Box 550 Richmond VA 23220

Alexander W/M, 27, 5'8", 160 lbs., Hung, seeks Maria. Oti type to strip tie, gag blindfold torture my lites C&B, and whatever else turns him on Travel NY CA Box

MAKE ME BEG FOR IT...

NORTHERN VIRGINIA—Young cockucker needs a real masculine young Hung man Tease me Make me beg for it

WASHINGTON

CIGAR SMOKERS

Hot muscular Vietnam, 32, who smokes and gets turned on to cigars wants contact with man of same interest Will be starting an organization for cigar smokers soon P.O. Box 20604 Seattle, WA 98102

RASSIN

82, 165 lbs, looking for some athletic compen in Seattle Collegiate corp, submission no-holds-barred, it take ya on Only serious, sweaty jocks need reply Let's go a few rounds and get down Box 815

SEATTLE AREA, FF top and/or bot tom looking for good time Loving fast trained by the best Enjoy men not boys Into unorthodox sports of you know what I mean am hot for truckers, cowboys and leatherman Am 5'11" 170 lbs husky 9" uncult Box 698

YAKIMA, leather & boot loving macho man seeks like-minded muscular stud for permanent relationship I'm 38, Herdlands, bearded a plus Please send photo Box 1268

SEATTLE AREA—FF TOP OR BOTTOM looking for good times Have a sweet Ass that's been trained by the best Enjoy men, not boys Into unorthodox sports of you know what I mean am hot for truckers, cowboys and leatherman Am 5'11, 165 lbs, With 9" of hot Hard Mast Box 1442

WEST VIRGINIA

HARPERS FERRY, 32, 5', 160 lbs, 10" cut Looking for w/m, 18-35, muscular and hairless preferred nice ass who wants his tits worked over Box 736

21, 5'11", 165 lbs, blue eyes, blond hair Looking for w/m, 18-35, nice ass, muscular Box 1337

HOW DO YOU SPELL HOT? D-R-U-M-B-E-A-T-T-S

WISCONSIN

MILWAUKEE W/M 28 6'11" 170 lbs 10" seeking Master/lover relationship with w/m 18-29 yrs Must be satisfied and understanding as I am new to this scene W I answer a w I frank letter State your demands and send with photo to Box 973

MILWAUKEE, M 5'9", 145 lbs, white, hairy chest novice needs instruction n B&D WS S&M etc from Master who will show me my limits and teach me to please by my role No heavy drugs feds, feds, scat Photo greatly appreciated Box 837

GOOD TIMES WANTED

SOUTHERN WIS, NO ILL. Please write W/M Mid 30's, 5'10" 170 lbs, a sres to meet and correspond with a friend For good times Discreet 18-32 Good looks, very friendly love french, some greek action No drugs or rough stuff Enjoy moves good food conversation travel & outdoor activities along the way Send photo with name to P.O. Box 332 Stoughton WI 53589

MASTER WANTED BY

W/M 27, 6'3", 175 lbs, 7 1/2" Cut Seeks experienced Master to take my body and USE IT THE WAY HE WANTS B&D S&M WS Fast Fucking C&B Torture Td Work No Feds or Scat Can Travel for night Master Answer with Photo Please SIR Box 1407

WYOMING

Looking for macho partner with 9 to 12" who wants to retire to the country Spend a week or a lifetime riding fishing camping and screwing Will take care of all needs Send photo and frank letter to Box 443

CANADA

MONTREAL Oral slave, 48, white, 5'9", 165 lbs gives complete mouth and tongue service to macho stud 30 Also into worshipping WS face-slitting feet VA humiliations punishments exposure Robert Box 974

TORONTO, m. Places 5'10" 155 lbs, 44 blue eyes uncult wishes to meet dominant S 25-55 who is var stable respect of limits sense of humour M has moderate experience versatile and into leather toys boots, ropes, feds, WS, dog discipline Have some experience as S No feds, feds, scat, Box 619

ONTARIO, 20, 140 lbs, 5'6", 6 1/2" cut, semi-muscular M seeks for muscular or well built masculine men under 40, well-built white or Black Have real desire to serve have my asshole used Box 473

6, 45, 5'11", 150 lbs, slender, blonde hairy 8" cut stern disciplinarian but considerate and respects limits Seeks 18-40, slender under 5'10" prefer uncult, should be adventurous and willing to learn with the assistance of my personal slave No feds, feds, scat Applicants should be willing to experiment with mild S&M B&D WS, and toys Box 238

VANCOUVER ARTIST 34, seeks Hunky Man 18-35 to Submit to creatively posed photo sessions in exchange for photos & or Possible pay Send Photo & Paragraphs to Jim Box 1397

SLAVE REQUIRED

Put your body and mind in my experienced hands and I will make all the decisions regarding both for your period of servitude I insist on complete surrender in bondage to me will You provide me with humble service and I will give you the respect that service deserves Learn what true freedom is by losing it to me for our mutual satisfaction All applications will be considered on the basis of information supplied in first letter Master is 5'9" 35 140 lbs Bearded and short hair Box 1261

BOOT LOVER

Boot Lover would like to have from men with big well worn dirty boots Also want worn dirty levis socks Jockstraps and leather Jackalls Very thirsty for HOT GOLDEN PISS Also need a HUGE FIST for rear pleasure All answered Box 1461

VANCOUVER

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NOWA SCOTIA—HIP RUBBER BOOTS FIREMAN Fireman Boot-licking Leather Throat toilet animals, toys, HUNG hermit needs buddy/Penpal Am 35, hairy Horny Mature Photo Required Write Occupant Box 13 Reserve Mines N.S. BOX 110 Canada

EXPERIENCED MASTER WANTED MONTREAL, White 35, 135 lbs 30, Looking for experienced Master for tri play ball work torture Can Travel Box 1488

COP WANTED

MONTREAL M wants to serve big cop Likes jail Dildoes Handcuffs Ropes, spankings, Flogging, Bondage, Fucking, Sucking Box 1364

FOREIGN MAIL

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AUSTRALIA

MELBOURNE White submissive Adventurous 30s 43, 8'3" 190 lbs, 7" cut Seeks kinky times with Raunchy, Macho, Playmen in Levis Leather Jockstraps for Bondage W/S, Td, Aas and C/B Play Am willing to experiment and expand however my limits must be respected Box 268

SOUTH AUSTRALIA, M 48, 160 lbs, 7 1/2" uncult extremely obedient May I serve you? Box 720

ENGLAND

Fifth-Loving Slave 39, 5'9" 140 lbs looking for Master to make him gravel in oil grease mud feds, etc in chains Box A95

London, 44 40 5'9" 150 lbs, 5 1/2" uncult, into WS leather rubber combat gear seeks dominant to 45 strict, but respectful of limits Box 630

LONDON BEGINNER

W/m 32, 6'2", 185 lbs looking for partner in leather or denim Willing to try almost anything Box 716

MIDDLESEX, 37 5'10" 145 lbs, 7" cut medium-built short hairy masculine seeks same, over 30, imaginative, into leather/uniforms or feds, hung Am into good S&M bondage, fisting, whipping, dildoes Box 383

LONDON, leather guy, 6'2" 170 lbs, white, 7" very active, strictly top Wants to meet groovy muscular slaves who know how to serve a real master Am into most scenes Enjoy man-to-man action with guys who are 100% male and proud of it Write on your knees Send a photo and I will send mine If you are a real slave, I can guarantee you the real thing Letters with photos answered 1st Box 665B

OXFORD, Knowledgeable M 37 5'10", 160 lbs, into leather rubber denim Has good long ready to please a master Box 723

LONDON AND YORKSHIRE, S, 5'9" 50 180 lbs would like meet visitors to Britain Very experienced master Box 557

SM, 45 5'11", 6" cut, imaginative wide range of interests Will please Box 358

WANT CALIFORNIAN SLAVES LONDON MASTER 31 6'2" 180 lbs Bearded Hung Seeks Hot southern Californian Slaves During vacation Sept-Oct 1981 You are 18-40 smooth skinned, with hungry asshole into Fast Fucking C&B Torture Td W/S, and being whipped Those offering overnight accommodations can reply on same in London Box 1496

W/M, 35 5'10" 160 lbs blond 6 1/2" built into Mid S&M B&D, wish to meet with 18-25 Yr old small or medium built Living in London Ontario send me your photo answer Peter P.O. Box 1982 STN A London Ont N6A5-4

GERMANY

COLOGNE, SM 45 6", white 7" uncult into either role experienced and controlling masculine slender and muscular feds towards S role interested in meeting men into more than sex Should be intelligent, masculine, well educated, hairy, should be my age or younger, no feds or feds Travel to US occasionally Box 112

LUXEMBOURG Novice needs training W/M 33, 165 cm 75 kg prefers beards, moustaches, country life Box 629

GERMAN MASTER, 29, 8'4", 7 1/2" uncult, into leather and boots S&M heavy Td and p.s action, FF boot-worked Black macho Master welcomes to contact with travelers welcome Henning Grotz, Hum bodist T 2300 Braunauweg West Germany

GERMANY—White devoted boots-leave wants contact and correspondence with macho muscular high-booted Black macho Master into cycle cops and other unformed studs for kicking and sucking service Box A63

COLOGNE, 36, 78 cm 64 kg, uncult, Hairy, Leather guy and biker seeks 18-35 for Leather-Sex Piss-Sex Writing for Leather-Sex in Aug 81 Write Box 7285

WEST GERMANY, FRANKFURT, two LEATHER guys Black & White 27 Wants to meet Hot Leather Slaves to 45 Prefer UNCULT and versatile Be our guest for Hot Kinky Times Letters with photo answered first Box 1490

A DRUMBLAT AD GETS FAST RESULTS

DRUMMER'S BOOKS

PHIL ANDROS UNMASKED

Phil Andros is a name that's appeared often on the pages of this magazine as the author of some of the hottest gay male fiction ever published. It turns out that the name is a pseudonym for Sam Steward, a member of Gertrude Stein's Charmed Circle, Ph.D. in English Lit, author of literary works, sex partner of Thornton Wilder, Rudolph Valentino and man, man, many other

Steward kept the two persona firmly separated for years. He certainly wasn't concerned about his own public identity as a gay man, but he was concerned about the public's impression of just who "Phil Andros" was. He didn't want anyone to have their jerk-off image tarnished by the physical reality of an actual personality.

Time's past, and Steward seems to be pulling together all the pieces of his multifaceted life. (Besides his literary ventures and his porn authorship, Steward also spent years as "Phil Sparrow," one of the leading tattoo artists in the country.)

One result is *Chapters from an Autobiography*, just released by Grey Fox Press. Steward recounts many of his special relationships: Besides Wilder, there's Andre Gide, and Alfred Kinsey who found Steward one of the richest lodes of information for his research into sexual behavior. The book is a gem, a must-read for any gay man, but especially for *Drummer* readers who share a whole lot in common with this man who has to be acknowledged as one of our heroes.

Most of the how-to books on gay sexuality aren't really that helpful to those of us who are already... shall we say... experienced. Certainly most of the gay books on the forms of relationships don't fit into a category that really speaks to the day-to-day functioning of a gay male partnership. Charles Silverstein co-authored one of the few sex books that did do something worthwhile: *The Joy of Gay Sex*. His latest book, *Man to Man: Gay Couples in America* adds more to our understanding of the real dynamics between adult males than any other volume yet done.

There are many interesting ideas that this psychologist presents to us. He uses new and intriguing constructs to let us see an entirely new perspective on how we relate. One is a definition of various personality types: The Excitement Seeker, the Home Builders, etc. Just what kind of man you are and how you're going to fit with another has a lot to do with which category you fall into.

Even more intriguing is his attempt to shake up the whole of psychological theory by dismissing the Freudian bullshit about the old bugaboo, The Dominant Mother, and to present a new idea about the importance of gay men's relationships with our fathers as the models we have inside for other bondings.

The entire book (Morrow, \$12.95) is well worth reading and thinking about.

Felice Picano is a best-selling author, possibly the most successful gay writer at work today in terms of sales. He's never attempted to use that success in a way to separate himself from the rest of the brethren toiling away outside the spotlight. Far from it. He uses some of the resources from his earnings, which include book club and paperback sales, to finance the Sea Horse Press, probably the highest quality small gay press in the country.

The latest offering from Sea Horse is *True Likeness: Lesbian and Gay Writing Today*. The anthology isn't one of those overly precious things filled with politically correct stories and poems, but a collection of a wide cross range of gay writings. Some of it is firmly in what's supposedly the "New York School" and defined group of gay writers who set their work on Manhattan and Fire Island. You'll like some, you'll probably hate some just as much. It is all worth at least a single reading.

There's one story in the collection that you have to read for the sake of the biggest belly laugh of the year,

"Moritz Goes to A Garden Party" is the most hysterical recounting of the culture clash between leather men and piss-elegant that you'll ever find. Worth the \$9.95 cost for the book, a by itself. (This small press book might not be available in your local store. Copies can be purchased by mail. Send \$9.95 plus \$1.00 postage to: Sea Horse Press, Box 509, Village Station, New York, NY 10014.)

The book isn't the usual anthology in terms of a compiling of pieces that all fit the same point of view. Picano's introductory essay, which by the way may be the most important single element in the volume with its insightful appreciation for the place and range of gay literature today, makes it clear that he's not interested in deciding the right stories or the correct stories. His goal is to give a sampling of the spectrum of talent that's at work in this country now. He certainly has sought and in doing so has presented us with a stunningly rich document.

John Preston

GERTRUDE'S FOLLIES

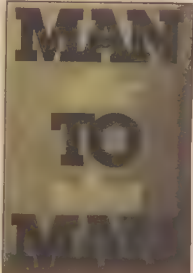
One of the best kept secrets of American humor has been a comic strip stuck on the last few pages of New York's *Soho Weekly News*. The cartoons, drawn by "T. Hachtman," have been sending Manhattanites rolling on the floor for the past couple years.

Loosely, very, loosely, based on the life of Gertrude Stein and her relationship with marijuana brownie maker Alice B. Toklas, *Gertrude's Follies* have been a vehicle for attacking prejudice (especially homophobia), making fun of trivial art movements, contemplating artistic space and investigating the wonders of hashish versus dope. If you have even passing interest in any of these, you'll love the book.

Probably the funniest pages in the volume take place when Ernest Hemingway overhears a conversation between the two women. Now, what would you think the macho author would think if he heard this dialogue: "No Pussy please Pussy no Pussy please fuzzy...?" The real conversation is nearly as funny as Ernie's reaction.

If you haven't got the real point, we'll make it clear: Not only is *Gertrude's Follies* one of the funniest humor books in a long time, it miraculously keeps you laughing while being wonderfully politically correct. A combination we nearly gave up on.

(*Gertrude's Follies*, T. Hachtman, St. Martin's Press, \$5.95.)





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THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

By Larry Townsend

Dear Larry —

I don't really suppose you can give me an answer to this, because I don't think there is one. But writing you will help me get it off my chest. I'm 22 and I live in the heart of the "Bible Belt." Recently, my parents found my collection of gay and SM literature, and after a long harangue I admitted my inclinations to them. (I still live at home because I haven't finished college.) Strangely enough, after several discussions with my father, I seem to have reached a reconciliation with him. But my mother is Christian fundamentalist, and she will not relent. She says I'm going to burn in everlasting hell, etc. Can you suggest anything I might do to improve the situation?

Exposed in Atlanta

Dear Exposed:

It looks to me as if you've had it, at least for the moment. Once a person thinks he (she) has found Jesus, there isn't much anyone can do to bring him back to reality. However, over a period of time, you may find that the old "mother's love" is going to win out. Why don't you cool it until you can get out on your own — preferably in another location. You can then write and call home periodically to let your parents know you miss them and still love them. Your mom may never come around to supporting your conception of an adequate life style, but once the initial shock wears off she will probably mellow. Most of them do.

Dear Larry,

This is a question of etiquette, which I maybe should have directed to Dear Abby. Anyway, is it proper for the S to call the M, or should it be the other way around?

Peter, NYC

Dear Peter,

I'm assuming you mean a phone call, and I'm also assuming that the two people involved know each other (not

that this latter condition would make much difference). Let me make one further assumption; this being that neither party is a giggling high school girl. If you're both men, you act like men; and if you feel like calling someone for a scene, you do it. Even Dear Abby should agree with that.

Dear Larry,

Just recently, I discovered that the guy who has been my Master for several months is really a hair dresser. I guess I should have been suspicious, because he had a little poodle. I'm really turned off by this, but I live in an area where there just aren't many topmen around. What to do?

A slave (Midwest)

Dear slave,

Why should it make any difference, whatever your Master does for a living? It's how he performs where it counts. You were apparently satisfied with him before discovering his terrible secret. He ought to whip your ass for being such a damned fool. Good tops are hard enough to find anyplace; consider yourself fortunate.

Dear Larry,

Do you consider certain JO scenes to be SM? I mean particularly ones where a guy uses toys and so forth.

A loner
Ames, IA

Dear Loner,

Certainly, but I think it is the fantasy more than the accoutrement that counts.

Dear Larry,

In your Leatherman's Handbook, you indicate that there really aren't any S&M clubs or societies, except for a couple that are so secret you would not even mention their names in print. I haven't been out into the scene for very long, but I already know about half a dozen, and I'm sure there must be more. They certainly aren't very secret, either.

Active in San Francisco

Dear Active,

You are absolutely right. There are a number of clubs which maintain only minimal secrecy, and a few of them are quite good and reliable. You must remember that the Handbook was written in 1970-71, and many things have changed since then. When I find a publisher with the guts and bucks to publish it, I'll give you an updated "bible." Until then, you'll just have to rely on Drummer.

Dear Larry,

Looking forward to this summer, and trying to plan ahead for my vacation time, I'd like to know if there are any real SM ranches or resorts that you know of. I haven't seen any ads for places like this, but I'm sure they must exist. Can you help me?

Phil
Los Angeles

Dear Phil,

Yes, there are several places, although I have never been to them and cannot really tell you much first hand. Neither do I know if they want their names and locations in print. I'll leave it up to them. If they write and let me know it's okay, I'll mention them in a future column — hopefully before summer is upon us.

Just a final comment. I was very saddened to learn that Ron of The Rigid Bondage Roster, passed away in February. He was a good friend of mine, and of many others in the scene. He had been fighting bone cancer for several years, and had written me a couple of years ago that he had declined to have a leg amputated, preferring to take his chances all in one piece. He was a good guy and we're going to miss him.

Dear Larry —

Just a simple question. In the United States, is there any law against S/M?

Rick, Houston

Dear Rick —

Not only am I not a doctor, neither am I a lawyer. I do not know what statutes may have been passed in recent years in each local jurisdiction in the US. Generally speaking, however, S/M has been such an exotic pastime, the legislators have not thought about it when they wrote the laws. In many jurisdictions the sex that goes with the S/M is illegal (sodomy, oral copulation, oral-anal contact, etc.), but even here the old fellows were often loathe to spell out these "nasty acts" in the books. I would feel, however, that if you were to get arrested for committing a sex act, the involvement of bondage, etc., would be considered an "aggravating circumstance." (I consulted my legal advisor on this one, and he says to add that "consent" would be an important factor; i.e., if you exceed the m's expressed limits, it could be construed as battery.)

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CONRAP

SEXUAL MINORITY PRISONERS' CAUCUS

The Sexual Minority Prisoners' Caucus was formed in 1979 to combat sexual abuse and assault of gay prisoners at Washington State Reformatory in Monroe, Washington. Since that time the Caucus has been involved in a prolonged struggle with prison administrators for official recognition and accompanying privileges that are granted to other prisoner organizations. Feature articles in local newspapers, letters and petitions of support from outside organizations and sponsors, and the development of solid self-help and educational programs all testify to the strength, capability, and value of SMPC. While the administration still refuses to sanction the group, Caucus members have developed an organization that now has a considerable impact on the lives of gay prisoners incarcerated at Monroe.

There have been three rapes of gay prisoners during the past year. In each case Caucus members confronted and dealt with those responsible. Caucus representatives meet the weekly group of new prisoners coming into Monroe and make themselves available to those men most likely to be raped, sold, pimped, and preyed upon in the sexual meat market condoned by the administration. Caucus members are often able to provide "safe houses" for these new prisoners — cells in which people can live temporarily protected from constant threats of sexual violence and abuse while they develop their own support and protection networks.

SMPC also provides educational programs, and a large variety of support work for prisoners. If you are interested in learning more about this group, and how you can help, write to: Sexual Minority Prisoners' Caucus, Washington State Reformatory, Box 777, Monroe, WA 98272 or Community Advisory Board/SMPC, Gay Community Center, 105 Fourteenth Avenue, Suite B, Seattle, WA 98122.

PRISONERS

White male, 28, handsome, lonely, doing time for pot bust, would like to hear from guys. Steve Brown, 98531, Box 97, McAlester, OK 74501.

Egyptian, 23, black hair and brown eyes, 125 lbs., 5'9", lonely. Mike S. Muasher, 146-797, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

Black, 26, 5'8 1/2", 150 lbs., would like letters from sincere correspondents. John Willie McRae, No. 040321, Box 221 (E-47 a/c), Raiford, FL 32083.

Gay, 38, 6'1", 195 lbs., blue eyes and brown hair, am into the SM scene, would like correspondence and possible relationship. George T. Perkins, B-49536, Rm. 1334, Box A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

Uninhibited gay, 25, seeking an honest and sincere relationship with a mature and well-settled guy. Am versatile and can get into roles. Lee Coleman, No. C-20606, Rm. 4167, Box A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

Lonely gay prisoner doesn't receive any mail and would like to hear from someone. Jimmy Carroll, 14777-116, 1-Unit, Box W, Lompoc, CA 93438.

Serving 20 years and getting very lonely. Am 30 years old, 5'8 1/2", 133 lbs., black hair and brown eyes. Jerry Roseberry, No. 4096, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

Lonely gay boy in prison will answer all letters. Am 26, 5'8", tall, 142 lbs., brown eyes, black hair, walnut brown complexion. Donald Blackwell, P.M.B. No. 91729-C88, Angola, LA 70712.

W/m, 20 years old, would like to write to someone. Into camping and outdoor activities. Rodney Elkins, No. 101604, Box 97, McAlester, OK 74501.

W/m, 23, looking for someone to write and will answer all letters, Charles Milligan, No. 86316, Box 97, McAlester, OK 74501.

Gay W/m, 42, would like to hear from the outside world. Into radio and computers. Pat Kearney, B-88913, San Quentin, CA 94974.

Black bi-man, 6', 198 lbs., brown eyes and black hair, into sports, bodybuilder, boxing, and outdoor activities, have two more years to go on armed-robbery charge, and would like to hear from interested gay guys. Kenneth W. Thomas, No. 272772, Ellis Unit, J-21 Cell-block, Huntsville, TN 37440.

W/m, 23, 5'11", 165 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, would like to hear from anyone, am into most things. Glenn Pritchard, No. 88621, Box 97, McAlester, OK 74501.

W/m, 25, 6', 140 lbs., dark brown hair, into country living, animals, and lots of sex, getting out in 1981. Timothy Livingston, No. A062280, Box 518, Zephyrhill, FL 33599.

Federal prisoner wishes to correspond with people that care. 50 years old, and have a lot of good soul. Like to dance, read left-wing papers and books. Am 5'11", 170 lbs., green eyes and gray hair. Marvin Brockett, No. 04206-164, POB 1000, Leavenworth, KS 66048.

Gay prisoner in Oklahoma welcomes any and all mail. My name is Charles Martino, No. 96953, O.S.P., POB 97, McAlester, OK 74501.

White, gay male needs to keep in touch with free world. I am 43 years old, 5'7", 190 lbs., and active sexually in all scenes. I am into weight lifting, jogging, chess and music. Garland Gorden, 48888-146, POB7, Terminal Island, CA 90731.

Black male, 31 years old, 5'10" tall, 165 lbs. Low cut natural with full beard, I like chess and writing and sex with both gays and women. I am an ordained minister of life and free will. Have hair all over my body and a great muscle tone. Would like to write to gay males and lesbians — free or confined. Race is not issue — just love human beings. Melvin Davis, Box 99C-73124, Pontiac, IL 61764.

"Tattoo Man" incarcerated serving a short sentence. I am 38 and my interests are tattoos, art, books, classical music, the beach and all forms of beauty. Seeking men of maturity between 35 and 50 with similar interests to correspond with and explore each other through writing. Paul Cheuvront, 79-A-2017, C-2-33, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821.

White, bi male serving life sentence on death row would like to hear from concerned gay or bi men. I am 6' tall and weigh 170 lbs. I am self-educated and liberal and am looking forward to contact with the outside world. Dalton Williams, No. 346571, Ellis Unit J-21 Wing, Huntsville, TN 37340.

PROMETHEUS FOUNDATION

Gay inmates and young prisoners threatened with sexual exploitation, in institutions throughout the country, can benefit from the work of The Prometheus Foundation. You can help by joining the PenPal Group or any of several other vital programs. For information and a copy of *FIRE!*, the Foundation newsletter, write to: The Prometheus Foundation, 495 Ellis St., No. 2352, San Francisco, CA 94102.

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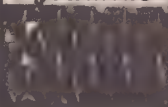
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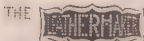
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**Tough
Shit**

CATHOLIC WHIPS & SPIKES

Roman Catholic bishops in England and Wales are expected to investigate Opus Dei, an exclusive church society whose members are encouraged to flagellate themselves with whips and spiked chains in pursuit of "holiness and piety." Some "tough action" is expected after allegations from academics and senior members that Opus Dei is a secretive monolithic sect exploiting the Roman Catholic Church in its quest for spiritual and political power and more wealth. Some members charge that Opus Dei is psychologically dangerous, batters personal identity and severely disturbs the pious. Evidence has been sent to Cardinal Basil Hume, leader of five million Roman Catholics in England and Wales, who was not commenting on the dispute. Many senior Roman Catholic priests have a deep-rooted distrust of Opus Dei, which flourishes in 80 countries and privately condemn its "clandestine undercover operation."

THIS PROPERTY IS CONDEMNED

A landlord who said his four-story building on Manhattan's swank East Side had been converted into a medieval torture chamber won the right yesterday to evict the tenant.

Daniel Segal, the owner of the building, told state Supreme Court Justice Leonard Cohen in Manhattan that he had leased the building to the Little Club Restaurant with the understanding that the restaurant could sublet the apartments on the upper floors for residential use.

Instead, Segal said, the upper floors became a torture chamber for a "sexually oriented commercial enterprise."

The landlord said two upper floors were partitioned into small cubicles containing beds, chains and racks.

"If these premises are being used for residential purposes... Sodom and Gomorrah were ancient Israeli nursing homes," Segal said.

THE ALIEN SOLUTION

Just what did President-Elect Reagan mean when he called his recent meeting with Mexican President Jose Lopez "successful and wonderful" and said it "establishes the basis for having the kind of relations neighbors as close as we are should have?" Reagan's gift to the Mexican president was a Remington rifle.

QUESTION MAN

By O'Hara

Do Clothes Tell You a Lot About a Man?

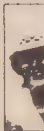
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Pfr Mark Dining, L S
Arms San Francisco

It used to be that you could tell a guy was in the service right away because of his hair and jeans and T shirt but that's what the gas guys wear in San Francisco. When I first came to San Francisco I couldn't believe it. The gas guys wear their hair cut very short and they look like the military. I found out a serviceman shouldn't go any where alone, not with our haircuts and all



SPACE GAS

In addition to breakdowns in solar panels, gyroscopes and other technological devices, the astronauts of Skylab 3 suffered from more mundane difficulties.

Astronaut William R. Pogue termed flatulence the most troubling personal hygiene problem. "We have to pass so much gas," complained Pogue. "I don't want to pass over the flatus problem lightly because I think passing gas about 500 times a day is not a good way to go. It's just not a nice thing."

"It offends people around you, and the only redeeming feature is that everybody else is passing the same amount of gas," continued Pogue.

Chicago Tribune

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Clothes



Patty Lewis, housewife and mother, San Francisco

Oh, sure clothes tell you about him right away. I like guys with the black Ben Davis pants and white tank tops. That means he's big and sexy. Designer jeans and a tight top, you know he's single or if he's married, he's still into looking Union Street types are so obvious with their gaudy jewelry and perfume. You can smell a Union Street guys coming a block away.





The first thing the men who run The Fifteen will tell you is that theirs is not a training school, not the place to come if you think you might be interested in S&M, not a good viewing platform for the vicariously orientated. No, Sir. The Fifteen is a private organization developed around the premise that responsible men into S&M activities need a place to get into their scene with the support and encouragement of other S&M devotees. Experience counts. And a screening process designed for potential new members filters out, quickly, the would-be and the voyeur.

The Fifteen sees an S&M lifestyle as a major decision, something considered and understood both physically and intellectually by its participants. The

Photos by Jim Moss

the 15 san francisco

result is a sexual, social fraternity of men who have indeed graduated from the novice/beginner/"I'm-just-getting-into it" phase.

The Fifteen is called The Fifteen because the Steering Committee is composed of the fifteen men who got this organization together. The middle ground is to join and become an associate member (sort of like all the fun without any of the headaches), but the first step is to become a pledge. And remember, being a pledge does not mean being an S&M novice. It's just how you get your foot in the door. As a pledge you'll be interviewed/screened, the Steering Committee will evaluate your seriousness and intentions towards S&M and the organization, and you will be put on a sort of probation for at least two months (but not more than six months) as a "Pledge" member. You'll get to attend all the various

Fifteen functions and be allowed access to the Fifteen Clubhouse. When your probation period is over, the Steering Committee will decide you either are or are not worthy of associate membership. And they'll tell you in no uncertain terms.

Obviously, becoming an associate member is what joining the Fifteen is all about, because then you will indeed be in a group of your S&M peers, and if you live in the San Francisco area, able to participate in a wide variety of sexual and social events worth the time and effort.

Because The Fifteen is serious, the above information is absolutely necessary as a prologue to discussing the organization and its activities. Unlike correspondence clubs and semi-private glory hole clubs, The Fifteen isn't interested in a profit motive, which is why so much attention is paid to qualifying and being accepted for membership. In fact, the membership dues are a real bargain considering the objective and advantages of the organization.

It might be well worth noting that The Fifteen is a registered non-profit corporation, perhaps the first of its

kind. The Fifteen maintains a Clubhouse for both sexual and social activities, another milestone for S&M fraternal organizations. But considering that The Fifteen is based in San Francisco, it also makes a lot of sense.

The Clubhouse plays a major part in The Fifteen activities. Open year-round, and able to provide limited accommodations for out of town visitors, the Clubhouse is a literal hot bed of hard core S&M activity. While the overwhelming percentage of activities are for members only, the Clubhouse occasionally opens to the public (with a number of stipulations); the Fifteen members playing host to some of the hottest S&M action on the West Coast. In February of this year the Clubhouse held three public events: a night of Fistfucking and Watersports, a night of Bondage and Whipping, and the one-year anniversary of the organization (on February 28). March saw two S&M nights available to the public, plus a repeat of their very popular Fistfucking and Watersports night and their Bondage and Whipping night. Otherwise, forget it if you're not a member, because the Clubhouse is indeed de-

signed for private Fifteen use.

The Fifteen's attitude about S&M is a correct attitude: that S&M is for consenting adults who are fully aware of the nature and implications of their sexual activity, who have come to terms with their sexual selves and can express that sexuality openly and honestly, and who are interested in exploring that sexuality with others. Anything other than this healthy attitude is anathema and not tolerated. In fact, the Steering Committee, acting as a whole, can reject or revoke anyone's membership should that member violate the tenets of the organization. In other words, if you don't have your shit together, forget it.

The process of joining the Fifteen is indeed a complex one and requires an absolute understanding of oneself and the organization's purpose. But if you are ready for the first step, then what you can do is this: Write for an application. Enclose two dollars processing fee. It's a two way street, but The Fifteen will direct the traffic. Their address is: The 15 Association, Box 99688, San Francisco, CA 94109.







BAR BEATS



STUDSTORE OPENS

The new Studstore location in the Drummer Key Club has opened, with stud Bill (see photo) ready to outfit your body in the latest and finest in leather and chrome. Open during Key Club hours. The Key Club is located at Folsom and Eleventh in San Francisco. Photo by Rink.



THE SAN FRANCISCO "10"

Jim Gilman, who stole the show at the Mr. South of Market Contest last year, opened his own private club, The Cauldron, in San Francisco and quickly set the standard for all to follow. The Cauldron may become the most talked about and the most written about night spot in history, because everyone who checks it out has lots of stories to tell about "the incredible night" they visited it. Photo by Rink.



COWBOYS UNITE!

While the Lt. Governor of Nevada was running his mouth about not wanting to rent the State Fairgrounds to "a bunch of queers" for the annual Reno Gay Rodeo, another organization in a much saner state, California, was forming to sponsor the biggest gay rodeo in history - The California Gay Rodeo, Hoe-Down and County Fair. This day-long event will be at the San Francisco Cow Palace (where else would you have a rodeo?) on Saturday, August 15, 1981.

Bar None Productions expects over 10,000 people to come from all over and attend their shindig, which is a conservative estimate given that the Reno Gay Rodeo pulled in a hefty 5000+ audience for their 1980 contest.

The Lt. Governor suggested that the Nevada queers take their rodeo to California; prophetic in that a week after this desert rat threw his temper tantrum Bar None announced their plans to hold the cowboy spectacular.

The California Gay Rodeo will include a 15 event contest, a country carnival, a hoe-down with live country & western bands, a mechanical bull competition (real popular since Travolta's *Urban Cowboy*), a country auction, a grand entry parade (just like in the circus) and a Mr./Ms. California Gay Rodeo contest. Well, half of it sounds good anyway.

Giant video screens will be installed throughout the Cow Palace to insure that rodeo goers can keep track of the horses, riders, calves and bulls from whatever their vantage point (just like pro football).

Rumor has it that the entire gay population of Nevada is coming en masse. Would that it were true. Photo by Bob Ope!

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The man who brought Fetters to America has some specific ideas about quality bondage and discipline toys, because most of what he brought were either antique devices from bygone days or superb reproductions. He rest



of his stock consists of newly created bondage devices that take advantage of modern workmanship and creative bondage fantasies.

At a recent art show at Stompers Gallery in New York, a unique set of wrist and ankle manacles were on display as both functional and art. The one-of-a-kind object sold quickly, and the buyer got more than a static piece of sculpture to show his friends.

The amount of potential bondage materials and the complexity of bondage positions are taken into consideration when Fetters starts working on new items to add to their line. Like a toy company testing out new products, you can be sure Fetters puts their new devices through the paces before unleashing them on the public — and think of the testers who get to try out all the new inventions (both applying them and submitting to them) — no wonder Fetters is hot on both sides of the ocean!

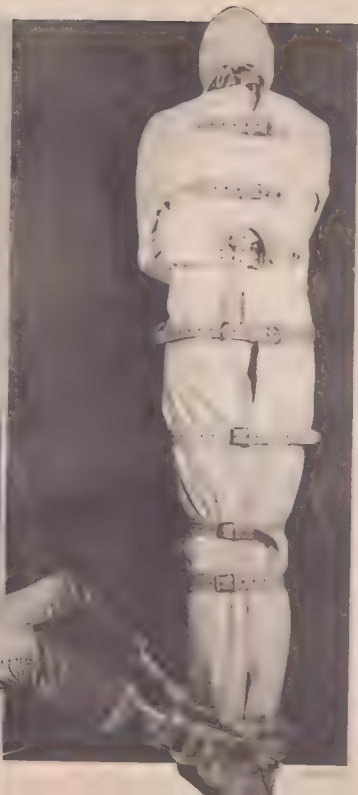


A recent communique from Fetters, New York commented: "Our cellar doesn't always look so tidy - but from time to time somebody has to pick up the pieces, and check that they still work. The cellar isn't damp, but the atmosphere often gets a bit steamy. The basic range of Fetters' hardware gets more varied all the time; but so does the action in our dungeon. Certainly the guy who comes to read the gas meter has noticed the difference!"

"Whether you're spreadeagle wide open by tough rawhide thongs or strapped into a canvas/leather cocoon like some dunce standing in the corner of the schoolroom, you know that you're going to learn from the experience.

"Getting the feel of things is what a lot of people who fantasize really want, but when the thing is a completely indestructible strait-jacket it doesn't take long to find out how little 'give' there is in those horsehide straps. You've heard about Houdini and how he could fight his way out of any strait-jacket - don't believe it, if it's well made and correctly put on, you're in it until someone lets you out.

"There aren't many skin-tight all-leather strait-jackets around, especially with a snug-fitting hood that locks into place like ours. And these leather hoods remove you even further from reality: the sounds of the cellar become distant - but there are other senses to be

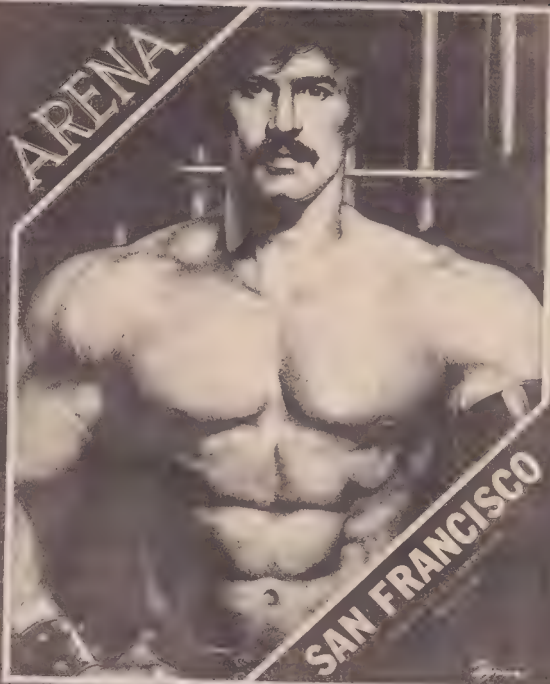


worked on."

Letters has two showrooms, one in New York at 895 Broadway and one in London at 40 Fitzwilliam Road, if you're ready for the real thing.



ARENA



SAN FRANCISCO

The "Arena" exhibition is available only by 24-hour advance reservation. The exhibition is numbered by the artist.

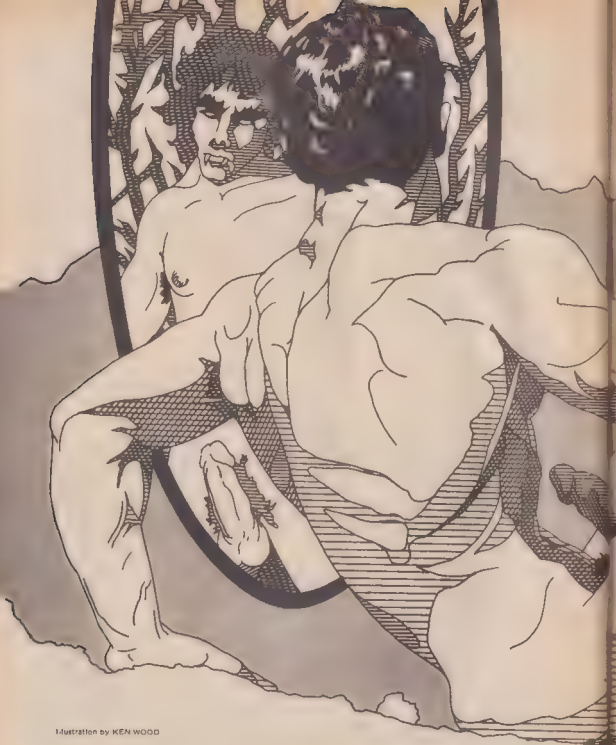


Illustration by KEN WOOD

The world isn't perfect. It never has been, and it never will be. For me this is a constant irritation. I do not mind sweating under the sun. The hard labor keeps my body strong and gives me time to think. I do not mind my Master beating me so severely. He can never desire us to do what he owns. His whips and rods satisfy my sexual desires and undo my frustration. I am content with him. He is my slave.

I am from New Zealand and I speak Maori. There are no cities in the sky. There are no toys. There are no balloons. A lot of children like to play on the ground and separated ones by cobble streets. The clouds are forever above us. There are no roads between the clouds. The ground is very hard.

...and they were that first place for me yet. I'm alone. I've been here for 10 years, having been taken away from my world, my life, having been taken away from a community where people love, openly, whatever the sexuality. A community I belong to. I feel people could really change the world as it was me. Here I know my strangers. I am strange. A crowd as I've come to have friends and friends. Is any happiness I might find.

resent these people who're alien and ugly to me, people who I don't understand anything of me and who I hate me if I do. I'm sorry you mean me and resent, the three of us must work with resent the awkwardness they impose on us by exposing me to it, then in displaying a frankness or wonder when I have none to display resent the danger of displaying my own lasting enthusiasm for them men despite the necessity of hiding myself, my profoundest truths, my every sentiment with a cloak of protest, then in fleeing whims and decorate the rawest of lowest illusions with a false and possessive

...and my Master. I want to show that I am a slave, but the funds require a sacrifice of self and I must be a free man. My Master's mind is great, it is as great as mine. I am perceptive of them. I have had their world imposed on me. I have no choice. I must be a slave. I must always confront everything that is alien because every-
thing is a part of my Master's mind and my Master's Master.

[illegible]

ANIMAL

BY
JASON
KLEIN



sleep anywhere else. I can no longer sleep unless he does tie or chain me. He is my space as much as I am his property. We fill each other. We dance like savages.

There are times when he adores me. There are times when he openly considers killing me. Often he terrorizes me so I lie awake at night, confused that I should love such a man and angry that he should claim to love me. Only in retrospect do I ever realize the terror has only been a game, only my Master playing with me once again, manipulating my deepest emotions to amuse some sadistic whim. Always he disrupts me. Always I believe him, never knowing he is doing what he has done before. What I do know, he invalidates as soon as I learn it. I begin to understand him at one level; he attacks me from another, playing but always terrorizing with total credibility. He never gives it a second thought. I ponder it for days.

There are times when I hate him more than I have ever hated anyone. There are times when I love him as totally as I love Daniel. The oscillations are as exhilarating as they are draining. Our life is like a breathless crashing of great waves forever surging out of the calm in a fluid frustration that piles with sadistic fury and sweeps us through a sexual storm that may take days to abate. Sometimes the crashing calm is only an eye, his cold hazel eyes piercing all of me at once, transfixing my energy into some strangely static euphoria that has not the sense to recognize the other side of the storm approaches and he is only calculating how to force me through it. Other times the calm is spiritual and we are like children together in a garden of monsters.

New Zealand is teeming with smiling monsters who hate any living thing that would live in the light of the sun or the pull of the moon. They would mask their bitter pit with the walls of a charming propriety and call us bugs for seeking a more honest dirt.

If we are bugs, we are evolutionarily supreme. We know our limitations. We note the world for its and compensate. We are forever deviating in order to optimize our potentials. We survive in a forever changing world and with a

vigor that is as perverse as it is progressive. We do not trespass on others unless our only alternative is self-defeat. We, in turn, aid only those who trespass as we would or who trespass on us with less. We tolerate no invasion from those who have more. We are balance. We are energy. We are gluttons for sensation. I survive him as I survive the world, for he is the world, and the world is not perfect.

Still, love him. I love him. I am his body slave because only he is my superior. Only he can manipulate my soul as easily as I manipulate the boys who stumble after me, laughing at the leather strap around my throat and the rings that hang in the skin between my legs. They laugh, but how quick they are to do whatever I ask of them. They will do anything for the chance to come closer and touch the objects of their ridicule. They know, as all children know, the truths adults can no longer find, truths that are self-evident. They see my eyes and know I am no fool. They smell my fear when I am beside my Master and know my scars and bruises are no accident. They watch my bone and know how fully my fear of him excites me. They see my muscles and know I am better fed and better shaped than they. Their laughter reeks of embarrassment.

They cannot see the days I have survived on nothing but my Master's piss and feed meant for pigs. They cannot see the days he has broken me. He uses such cruelly sobbing, my body and soul saturated with pain and guilt, another part of me freshly killed, another part newly born. They cannot see the depths to which I am his creation.

Every morning his machine, and the sound of it in to fumbling down cold stairs to the hole where I am to relieve myself and gather the logs for his kitchen. I stoke his stove, boil his water, and grind his beans. I dare not wake him without his bowl of fresh coffee in my hands. I must always kiss him warmly, however venomous my nearest thought.

While he drinks, I expose myself to the winter dawn, crossing the cobbled streets of Portsmouth to gather the daily news and bring it to his bed. While he feeds the buttons into his screen, reading every neon symbol, I clean and polish every edge and surface of his toilet. He rarely uses it. I am always to clean and polish it as if he has. If his boots are dull, I wax and polish them with my bone obediently reverent, big and hard. If he is still reading and I have nothing to do, I am to lie beside him and wait for whatever he gives me. Often he gives me nothing. Sometimes he caresses me, fingering my hair or rolling my bags in his hand. Sometimes he keeps my bags under his feet and steps on them with a varying brutality. Only occasionally will he condescend to letting me lick the filth from his crotch.

After the tenth cock of the day, I walk along the Congo, gathering communications, altering his purchasing power, and collecting the food and necessities he has ordered me to buy. I am to anticipate nothing. If I see some item he has not mentioned, but I know he will need, I am to ignore it. He decides his needs. He anticipates his future. I only do what I am told to do and never evaluate his silence.

The rest of the day I am free to do as I wish as long as he knows where I am and I am immediately available whenever he calls, wherever he may call from. When he orders me to his polished wood floor, I know to bring a rag. He will grab me by the hair, wrench me into some awkward position, usually on my knees, and then piss long and hard on my face and body. When he is done, he releases my scalp and I must lick his floor clean of the puddle, then wipe the spot dry with my rag. I am not to lick my body clean. Only the open air is to dry it. I lick the floors at least three times daily, once after he finishes reading the news, once near midday, and once before dinner. If he has to piss at night, I must drink it from his bone as quickly as he releases it. These are my greatest moments. When he pisses down my back and drenches my hair, my body dripping slick from head to toe, my bone rages big and hard. My spine arches to the sky, then dips, driving my crotch into the ground, and my nerves erupt as if minor orgasms flashing under the heat of his piss flowing down between my elephants where my hole opens wide, ready to be drilled. He never uses my hole then. He only drills me when I am unprepared

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When we are not alone, he uses the toilet. I can never share my moment with others. I must never think too highly of it. It is enough that it fulfills me. It is as it should be.

Every day around the seventeenth cock, he exercises me. He stands over me with his rod while I repeat some physical action of his own design. I repeat it until I think I can exert the same muscles no further. His rod shows me I can use them several times more. When I can repeat the same action many times and he loses patience, he speeds my exhaustion by adding weights to my shoulders or to wherever they will most resist my motion. He exercises me until my lungs are squeezing air like a piston and I taste blood in my mind. He exercises me until I collapse and am sure not to move while he prepares his dinner.

Every night we eat together at the nineteenth cock. He eats at a large mahogany table in a dark leather chair with carved dragons slithering up its legs. I eat on the floor, ying between his feet which are forever playing with my ears. He eats from the finest stone dishes with shiny silverware and drinks from intricate glass goblets. I eat whatever he places in my mouth or drops to me, using my fingers and drinking from a plastic bowl which is never to leave the floor. I either lick my water or cup it into my hands.

After dinner, he washes his dishes. The only dish I can ever touch is his coffee bowl. While he washes, I go down to my hole where I am to relieve myself for the second time that day, then gather logs and return to start a fire in the main room. After he is done, he reads lying in a large hammock that hangs before the hearth. I always lie in it with him so his feet can continue to molest my ears, sometimes forcing themselves into my mouth to hear me choke or to demand I lick them. Always I am to read when he reads. He gives me a book he wants to know but has not the time for. We discuss it when his eye wears of the new evening.

At the last cock, he stretches before me, naked on his bed, his long slender body expecting to be massaged. I begin with his feet, knocking his soles and rubbing oil into them, letting the shape of his feet guide my strokes through the most sensually rewarding areas, along the arch, around the ankles, across the ball and the crease of his toes, and over the top slopes. I watch his great muscles shift and, when they shift no more, oil his calves, working them into total lethargy before returning to his feet and massaging each and calves as a whole. His thighs are thick and hard. My hands, not mind, climb toward them. I slide my face below his knees and work each entire leg as if it were his bone. His elephants flex and relax, flex again. I caress the ridges on both sides of his bags and the zone beneath them while my tongue goes down to him to massage the hole that only my tongue may touch. These are the most dangerous moments of my life. I must not arouse him. I must only bring him deeper into lethargy. And yet I am aroused by the smell of the oil in his thighs and under his bags as I lick his hole. The control expected of me is awesome. Only my fear of him checks my lust.

From his elephants I climb his spine, oiling and knocking it in long strokes from his elephants to the base of his skull and back. Sometimes my hands spread out from the strokes to sweep across his solid loins or knead his taut shoulders. Sometimes my hands extend the strokes and massage him behind the ears, up and down the back and sides of his neck and skull, circling at his temples and rubbing his scalp as if he were one of the garden cats. I often stroke into orgasmic Sometimes I wonder what his name is.

Then he birds me. Without warning, his well-mixed body reaches for my scalp, clutches my hair, and stands suddenly enervated. He drags me to the ropes or to the chains and does with me what he will for the night. He will never allow my massage to lull him to sleep. He would never let me think I have such power over him. He ties me with ropes so tight I never forget them ever in my dreams. The chains are thick and forever heavy. They too are never forgotten. He bags me, he leaves me by his toilet, or he lets me sleep beside him. If I am lucky that is all he does. Sometimes he adds clamps to my tits and sometimes to my bags or all of

my body, leaving me in a pain that only grinds deeper into my being as the hours pass. He enjoys hearing me whimper in the night. He prepares his machines to remove the clamps only after my misery has reached a certain noise level, one he has chosen and I can never anticipate. I would be a fool to reach it too quickly. My misery must remain forever honest.

The next morning his machines unbind me and prod me into flexing down cold stairs to begin another day. Our routine is the rhythm of our life. Its intensity never dulls.

Every Wednesday and Friday, my Master's labor advisor visits once in the morning and once near dinner. They are in their ridiculous clothes; I am naked. They sit in their chairs and discuss something called labor-intensive exploitations while I sit on the floor in a nearby corner, available but otherwise ignored. Often I sit there openly fingering between my elephants while watching them. It amuses me what they do not see.

Every Saturday and Sunday offends me. I enjoy working the fields. They feed him. I enjoy chopping wood and building his fire. It keeps him warm. It offends me to paint walls that need no paint. Wood and stone should be naked, not corrupted with artificial colors. It infuriates me to have to clean and dust his things. Cleaning anything is a defilement of its basic nature. It infuriates me to rob them of their odors. It infuriates me to deprive them of their aging. Often he makes a point of burdening weekends with superfluous labor. It hardens his bone to see my futile fury.

At any moment of every day he might attack me. I can never know when it will be. He feeds on the surprise and terror that flashes through my being when he attacks. He appears, grabs me, and hurls me to the floor or against some wall, there to whip and abuse my body until I am sobbing, and once sobbing, forced to suck his bone. He continues to beat me. I must never reach to stop him. I must never appeal to him. I must never cry. My screams let me bring his bone ever deeper into my throat. My final wallows are his. I am desperate as he rapes my body. He grabs me by the scalp and yanks his bone free just in time to spill his sperm across the back of my shoulders where my tongue will never reach. Usually he frees my mouth, only to slap it and shove my lips onto his hypersensitive tits. In all this violence, I must sob gently on his tits. I must love them as if they were the last on Earth, and then leave them as soon as his hot sperm has finished hitting me. Rarely will he let me eat it.

Often, when he beats me, I am free to escape him, but dare not flee. Sometimes he chains me to an overhead beam so I can forget myself, flee with total abandon, and still not escape him. When he beats me with his strap, I am crazy with the pleasure of it and my body is ruined by me for an entire afternoon and I will not have had enough. Sometimes the bruises are surprisingly pale. Sometimes they are a violent purple. He whispers into my ears of their beauty in his eyes. I do not love them until the purple dulls under the dust of new cells, blending more with my natural tone so that the bruises seem a part of me, a hide less monotonously colored rather than a body brutally wounded. When he beats me with his whips or rods, I am broken within minutes and hate him for it, having found no pleasure in it. He would say it is as it should be.

Whether he breaks me within minutes or hours, my screams strain into shrieks and my belly hollows, strangely flaccid as if the terror-stricken body of some beast about to be disemboweled alive in the jaws of its predator. When he stops, the shock of his beating bolts through my chest, ripping open a mindless roar that shoots from the guts and pulls up my throat, seeming to blast out of my mouth and eye without limit, without ending. The roar collapses into sobbing. I collapse as close to the floor as my chains or ropes will let me. When he releases me, I may strike the cold stone ground or I may unravel in the embrace of his mighty arms. By then I am too mindless to notice which. My bone is always big and hard and raging. He is above touching it. If it amuses him, he orders me to work it and spill. I obey.

My orgasms terrify most people. People tense at my total abandon, at the fierce bulging of my muscles, the blast of my breath mounting into a violently blowing noise that finally breaks screaming. When my sperm spills, it is as if it has torn itself from my flesh and brought my guts with it. After the last rip, my breathing opens even wider, blows even more violently, establishing a harsh constant stroke, strictly measured inhalations that last only so long before they stagger, I cease to breathe altogether, and somewhere my body seeks another level of energy, a new stroke, a more relaxed order. The breathing starts again, still unnervingly forced, it may take half an hour for my breathing to subside and relocate a calm autonomy. By then my Master has left me bored. He notes my orgasm the way he notes a dead fly being dragged by ants across the window sill. He is more likely to flick the fly away for the ants' frustration than to marvel at the intricate savagery of life.

Sometimes he orders me to spread my legs and then beats my bone and bags without mercy, using his rod or the strap. If I try to close my legs, he will only beat them longer and harder. I can shriek and claw at anything within reach. I dare not beg for ropes and chains to pull against. I dare not try to block his blows. He beats me until he spills, and then he leaves regardless of whether or not my own bone has hardened. I lie there for hours, cold and unthinking. Often I remain there into the dark of night, unable to sleep as the first thoughts finally emerge and crystallize into fierce dissatisfactions, a burning anger invading my love of him.

When I am at my angriest with him, I deny his authority over me. I chain my hands and feet together myself and crawl into my bag without a word from him. Often he locks the bag shut so I cannot get out. Our wills do battle. I wait for him to lose patience with having to grind his own beads, build his own fire, and do his own chores. He waits for me to hunger and thirst and scream for mercy in the closing in of space and time, frantic to stretch beyond the bag, frantic to see light, frantic for other stimulations.

Often he breaks before I do. I win, but I am beaten cruelly for it when he finally unlocks the bag and pulls me out. My only triumph remains in knowing that secretly he loves me for it. A slave who never rebelled would bore him.

I know when he is truly angry with me, when I have done something I am never to do again. He drags me to the corner where hangs the cage with three hooks. My belly hollows, terror-stricken. I resist him with all my energy. I stop thinking and I grab any object he cannot move to that corner. He prides me from it with unnerving skill, electrocuting me with his cattle prod or burning me with his matches. I strike out at him, biting, kicking, clawing and beating him. I have nothing to lose but my life, and he knows how truly I would prefer death to the Treatment.

By the time he has brought me to that corner, I am too exhausted to resist. His fury has no exhaustion. If I am not naked, whatever he has put on my body is torn from it. He even deprives me of the leather strap around my throat. Without his collar, I am nothing. I bawl with the humiliation of its removal. He opens the cage with three hooks and throws me into it. There he chains my legs, spreading them far apart between two of the hooks while he uses the third to chain my arms overhead, hauling me off my flaccid belly into a kneeling position. The pain on my knees is excruciating. The strain on my back is equally excruciating. They alone destroy me. He forces a rubber plug up my hole after having coated the plug with a turn of cream. His fire opens me into empty shrieking. He pags me. He tightens a spiked ring around the base of my hopelessly hardening bone and hangs lead weights from it so the spikes slowly dig in. He adds weights until he sees blood trickling down my bloated shaft. Then he attaches metal clamps to my bags until clusters of them are pinching every surface and forever pinching harder. The agony never dies, never levels, only climbs. He clamps my tits as well, adds weights to them to loose a higher pitch from my open mouth. He leaves the house. I am not even allowed the comfort of his hearing me.

The hours are impossible to describe, so mindless, so horrid, and yet they thrive to insignificance upon its return. The worst. How do I describe the worst? It is so inadequate to say he kills. He taps at every clamp with his riding crop, strikes chains and weights and opens entirely new fields of excruciating mindlessness. When he removes the clamps, the agony cannot be fathomed. I beg him not to remove them even though he must. My ears have bled from the screams constantly tearing so much out of my depthless being. Depthless, all energy blasting at the surface while all that is within burns with a fury dissipating into concern. Concern. I had not seen that before. Fury collapsed into seriousness, and that bawled into fury again. The wave.

I have seen, I have felt pain forcing harmonies out of balance. I have noted the frantic oscillation of activities that follows within me, anxiety in search of a way to eliminate itself. The activities connected to these oscillations unfold other activities, forces trying to bring the previous harmonies back into balance through a new alignment with the immediate world. When the anxiety does not pass, fury seeks extra energy — the energy to attack, the energy to escape. The more difficult either are to do, the more furious the mind becomes until it has not the energy to continue. The fury idles, serious. If there still is no return to balance, sobriety weeps. Weeping, like orgasms, brings the body back into balance regardless of most environmental influences. The new balance energizes itself. The fury can return if need be.

The Treatment trivializes fury and degrades it as utterly futile, if not childish. I can find no hatred when it is over. My ruin only pleads for mercy and forgiveness and worships the receipt of either. Nothing remains that can or will note the degree to which he who takes the pain away gave it to begin with. Nothing remains to boil at the knowledge that no crime of mine has ever warranted the Treatment. I have harmed no one, and yet my own erotic body is made repugnant to me. I have trespassed on no one, and yet I am aged and left starving for life. I note these truths in retro-

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spect, reverse their consequences, and work for the future. I will do anything to avoid the Treatment. It is as it should be. I love him.

I always know when his mood is building toward cruelly beating me for days. He becomes more loving than usual, doing little things he knows will cheer me, bringing me with him to the trashcans or the pots or letting me watch the screen. Sometimes he fills my bowl with his piss and lets me drink it with my dinner. When he is most generous, when he loves me most openly, he gives me some great and wondrous thing, another dirty sock for the pile I nose while sleeping, or a crotchpouch he has worn and pissed in for days. All these things he gives me knowing how profoundly they excite me, smelling of his body and sweat and the ground he has tread, and yet I can never fully enjoy them, for I know the happier I become, the more miserable he plans to make me. When his sadism finally erupts, even having been anticipated, my happiness becomes his cruellest joke, and the great and wonderful gift a mere trinket in the storm.

Still, I know he beats me then with love. He chains or ties my wrists to an overhead beam and binds my feet tightly together with rope or thong, then pulls his sweaty socks off his feet and shoves them into my mouth before forcing my head inside a skintight leather hood with only two holes for my nostrils. These things he does before he beats me, knowing I will enjoy the beating more because of them, not because I might then justify my love of his strap by pretending the bonds give me no other choice, but because the bondage sexually arouses me. I do not need to justify anything that gives me pleasure. He has bound me as effectively with his psychic power as he will ever bind me with ropes and chains. Only the ropes and chains excite me. He could beat me as he usually does, without ropes or chains, and then when all is done, hogtie and gag me, leaving me tightly trussed rope for hours, and I would love him for it as much. Without the ropes and chains, his thrashing rod or whip is heartless and breeds only hatred in me, however brief. I can never hate him for long.

Often he comes to me in the middle of the night or rolls over to me when I am in his bed. I wake to his forcing his bone between my elephants, breaking the peeve in my hole, and opening a mighty wind inside me as he slides deep into me and drills without affection. He does it as a Master would to any slave. After he spills, his great sweating weight lifts away without a word and returns to sleep.

Only once has he ever come to me in the dark of night and loved me tenderly. I dared not resist. I dared not encourage him. He only wanted to taste me and hear my groans and snickers as his tongue licked my face, poking into my ears and nose, washing my eyes and cheeks and the line of my jaw where he sucked and nibbled, then savagely chewed, sinking his smoko teeth into the lump in my throat and sucking, chewing, working monumental sensations that spread outrageously across my shoulders and down my spine. His tongue followed them, telling me he knew they were there. He sucked and chewed and caressed my body all night, methodically leaving no part unlicked. I lost all definition, dropping into bright voids and soaring across them on windy stimulations. He licked the soles of my feet. I laughed. He licked them until they tickled so much I tried pulling them away. He grabbed my ankles, squeezed them together in his huge firm grip, and ravaged my soles, nipping and slurping until he was ripping me apart between laughing and crying out of control. When it was most excruciating, when I thought every shred of my being would split and die, he abruptly dropped my feet and vanished into the shadows.

The next morning, all of me was purple or red, my bags swollen and my bone so tender between my legs I thought I would not walk for days. His machines unbound and prodded me. I staggered to the hole, gathered his logs, ground his beans, crossed Portsmouth, and walked along the Congo. The frustration of moving so much pain had me on the verge of screaming, but it was the clearest moment of my life. It was the day I first worshipped him.

Some would say my Master and I are not growing. They would say our passions are proof we hate ourselves. They are too much in their own tragedy. They do not know the depths of our happiness. We do not play with life and death, love and hate, and indulge in pain as well as pleasure to beat our heads against a wall, hoping to destroy ourselves. Our lives are enriched by it. It places us in the constant process of exceeding our expectations, those we have of ourselves and those I have of him.

I can never exceed my Master's expectations of me. It is not in the nature of our relationship. When I do more for him than he has asked, when I know I have pleased him beyond any pleasure previously provided, it is only as it should be.

Sometimes I feel like a little boy next to him. Other times I have all the savagery of an adult. I control it. To do less would be to incur the Treatment. Sometimes my excitement is so great it would easily bore him, except that boring him will incur the Treatment as easily as infuriating him. There is much to balance in being a slave.

I must be like the children who stumble after me, laughing. They eye me with an unbiased vision. So I must eye him. They listen to me with unbiased ears. So I listen to him. For the children, it is only natural. I dare not watch or listen to him any other way. I know there are things he dares not say to me, just as there are things I dare not say to the children. They learn my meaning. I learn his, without risking the losses we would incur should others discover the undercurrents of our communication. The children learn and seek more. I learn and seek more more cautiously. We both hunger for the unknown, the different, the subversive. We both love to grow.

Sometimes he offers me his feet. They are his greatest gift to me. I watch them often. He is forever moving them, rubbing one against the other, his toes stroking the inside of his thick socks until I am fiercely longing to suck on them. I fill my eyes and nose with them, but I dare not taste until he has molested my lips with them and shoved them between my teeth. I would bite his feet off, but they are my world. I live beside them.

I hate him for what he destroys in me. I love him for what he has created. I love him most when he offers me his body, when he lets me lick it from sole to scalp, licking and tasting and smelling him until all of me is seething and hungering with orgasms in every breath, lustful for his sperm so much I will catch much of it before it lands anywhere. The rest I will lick up from wherever it has settled, on his sheets, in the dirt, on my body. Anywhere. When he permits me.

I hate him most when he forces me to clean my body. I hate him as he stands over me, pointing at the cage with three hooks while demanding I scrub myself. I hate him as he gives me the soap. I hate him as he shaves me, but I hate him most when he has finished and I am left with the nauseating smell of a clean body. It can last for hours, all of me desperately waiting for his piss, longing to sweat, secretly begging him to leave so I can sneak to where I last slept and bury my face in his socks and his crotch-pouches, smelling, breathing, alive again.

Sometimes he is ridiculous and ugly to me. Often his beauty is incomparable and fills me with an awesome love. There are times when I seriously fantasize killing him. There are times I fantasize he is a god, the thunder and lightning in a crazed, uncomprehending mind that views all the world with the simple frankness of being an animal. It is our vision. It is as it should be.

He will not tolerate me speaking in my native tongue. It is not enough I have learned the word piss so quickly and no longer say fizz and soda. I have to remember that the pots are the baths and that trashcans are bars. A butt is a butt, not elephants. Nineteen hundred is nineteen hundred, not the nineteenth cock of the day; and a cock is a cock, not a peanut, not a carrot, not a bone.

He is forcing me to read Gertrude Stein.



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